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White House and Hydrogen Bomb

THE election campaign, which is sluggishly getting under way, is made to seem almost irrelevant by the issue which is now being fought out in secret parleys at the White House. Should the President surrender to the pressure of the Chiefs of Staff and give the "go-ahead" for the immediate production of the H-Bomb? Or should he listen to the urgent advice of David Lilienthal, who recently resigned from the Chairmanship of the Atomic Energy Commission in order to be able personally to enter the political struggle which centres round the new weapons of mass destruction? On Mr. Truman's decision may rest the whole future of civilisation.

The arguments on both sides are not hard to discover. Naturally enough, the American generals—and in particular General Groves, the man responsible for atom production, are furious now that their glib assurances that America had at least a ten-year lead in A-Bomb production have been so completely exploded. The atomic scientists, who all along flatly contradicted the generals, were right after all. But this means that the whole weight of military pressure will be put behind the immediate production of the H-Bomb. The Chiefs of Staff can argue that, since its manufacture involves no process unknown to Russian scientists, the U.S.A. cannot afford to wait. Moreover, the cost apparently is not prohibitive. Lithium hydride, from which the H-Bomb is made, is a comparatively cheap and common substance; and, once atomic energy is being generated in sufficient quantities, the A-bomb can be used to detonate the infinitely more destructive H-Bomb.

Mr. Lilienthal's reply is to remind the President of the fatal consequences which flowed from Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Churchill's decision to accept the advice of the soldiers and manufacture the A-Bomb without consultation with the Russians. But at that time they could at least pretend that atomic energy was something which could be harnessed to constructive peace-time purposes, and that its development, therefore, could not be halted. The H-Bomb, on the other hand, can be used for no pacific purpose whatsoever. If it is manufactured, it will be solely for the purpose of devastating hundreds of miles of territory and killing hundreds of thousands of people. Nor could its use in war be defended as having even the remotest connection with old-fashioned military operations. To go ahead, therefore, with the production of it would be tantamount to admitting, not only that the Third World War is inevitable, but that it will be fought predominantly by methods of mass murder which would outstrip the wildest dreams of the S.S. and Himmler.

We have more than once stressed our view that the gravest mistake of British foreign policy since the war has been Mr. Bevin's failure to take up Mr. Vyschinsky's new proposals at Lake Success for atomic disarmament. Perhaps they are nothing but a trick of political warfare. But no one can know for certain whether they are or not, until they have been put to the test in serious discussion. By sticking stubbornly to the Baruch proposals, which were always impossible of acceptance by the Russians and which have now been completely outdated by the Russian manufacture of A-Bombs, the Western Powers during the last six months have made it appear that they are determined to prevent even an attempt to reach an agreement. Such a position may conceivably have been tenable for the U.S.A.—before the revelation about the hydrogen bomb. For Britain, which is indefensible against atomic attack, it was always criminal folly.

It now looks as though Mr. Truman, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Lilienthal—a very powerful combination of liberal minds—are seriously considering a new approach to the Kremlin before any decision is taken on the H-Bomb. They have dismissed the idea of bilateral negotiations between America and Russia. Mr. Lilienthal has always held the view that, whether for the purpose of producing weapons of mass destruction or for preventing their manufacture, Britain and America must co-operate as closely as possible. We can be grateful for the sanity of these three men. But our gratitude must be tinged with regret that Labour Britain has failed to take the initiative in putting forward new proposals for atomic disarmament, and public opinion should be aroused to insist that this, perhaps the last, opportunity is not lost.

India's First President

On January 26 Dr. Rajendra Prasad, old friend and disciple of Gandhi, was hailed as the first President of the Republic of India. The Constitution, the fruit of almost three years' intensive labour, is a bulky document. It is also comprehensive and, in view of the fact that it deliberately makes amendment difficult, it appears to be too rigid and to include too much detail. In a country of many languages, provinces and States which have known autonomy, a federal form of constitution was, of course, inevitable. The elaborate Bill of Rights includes the social victories of this century, such as the right to health, education, an adequate livelihood and so forth. Prohibition also finds a place in the Constitution. Communal safeguards, regarded by Congress as part of the British plan to "divide and rule," disappear in a country where all individuals, whatever their religion and community, are promised equal treatment. Perhaps the best example of the genuine advance in thought involved is the fact that the framing of the Constitution was entrusted to Dr. Ambedkar, himself an Untouchable. If he had been born a hundred years ago, Dr. Ambedkar would probably have been sweeping the streets of Delhi or Madras with a spittoon tied round his neck, lest he pollute the path of a high-class Brahmin.

It will be seen that Pandit Nehru's contention that India, unlike Pakistan, is to be a democracy, fully tolerating all communities within it, is theoretically fulfilled. Village councils, the most valuable of the surviving institutions of ancient India, have been made an integral part of the country's Constitution. We recall Gandhi's insistence that "independence must begin at the bottom, so that every village can be a republic." The first test of the Constitution will be the General Election, promised during the next twelve months, when the electorate will consist of more than 160 million men and women, most of them newly enfranchised. At a time when a large number of Socialists as well as Communists are in jail, and the pressure from the extreme type of Hindu Nationalism is increasing, the interpretation of the constitutional guarantee that all individual and religious opinions shall be given full toleration and freedom of speech, subject to "reasonable restrictions," will be watched with anxious solicitude by India's friends abroad.

German Renaissance

It has long been clear that the Western Allies were likely to get the worst of both worlds by the inconsistency of their policy towards "their" Germany. To treat the Germans one week as defeated war criminals, and the next week as potential allies in a third world war was to play, both economically and politically, into the hands of German reaction.

Already the French are having their worst fears rekindled by the increasingly nationalist stridency of German voices. At Kassel, last-weekend, Herr Richter celebrated the establishment of the *Reichspartei*—a fusion of the extreme Right-wing *Rechtspartei* of Lower Saxony and the *Demokratische Rechtspartei* of Lower Hesse—with a chauvinistic "one Reich, one people" speech, whose historical analogy was pointed by its delivery in a beer cellar. He was followed, next day, by Dr. Adenauer's Minister of Justice, Dr. Dehler, who regaled a Hamburg audience with a violent attack on the Ruhr Statute, coupled apparently with a virtual repudiation of any German responsibility for either of the world wars.

Still more serious, from a French standpoint, has been the acute disagreement which developed during the course of M. Schuman's visit to Bonn over the Saar. Rumours that the American High Commissioner, Mr. John McCloy, had encouraged Dr. Adenauer to hope that the United States would back German demands for an increased voice in the disposal of the Saar have naturally exacerbated French feelings; and the Franco-German trade negotiations have been virtually broken off.

Milking Uncle Sam

Meanwhile, bidden by the Americans to go ahead and restore capitalist free enterprise in Western Germany, the Adenauer Government seems content cheerfully to make the most of a spiv's paradise. Having allowed both unemployment and "free" prices to rise to a level at which working-class consumption is suitably minimised, it has abolished rationing of foodstuffs. But for the intervention of the Allies, it would even have de-rationed petrol, regardless of the fact that the annual bill of $25 millions for Western Germany's dollar imports of petroleum products is met out of Marshall Aid funds.

Western Germany, in fact, is living prodigally—at least so far as the well-to-do are concerned—on American subventions. Its exports cover barely 10 per cent. of what it is buying from the United States, and amount to little more than half its total imports. The calculation at Bonn seems to be that American dollars can be elicited indefinitely by merely pointing to that "cold war" frontier beyond which lies the challenge of Communism. There is a perfectly good German word for blackmail.

Shaking Hands with Franco

Mr. Acheson's letter to Senator Connally leaves little room for doubt that the State Department has made up its mind to balance breaking off diplomatic relations with Bulgaria by grooming Franco for admission to Western Union. "Spain," writes Mr. Acheson "is a part of Western Europe which should not be permanently isolated from normal relations with that area." Moreover, not merely is there "no sign of an alternative to the present Government" in Spain, but support of it, in many eyes, is preferable to the "chaos and civil strife which would follow a move to overthrow the Government." Hence the United States will ask the next meeting of the General Assembly to reverse its resolution calling for the recall of Ambassadors from Madrid; and, in the meantime, it will "acquiesce" in loans to Spain from the Export-Import Bank.

This statement of policy may not denote any dramatic change in the recent American attitude towards the Caudillo. The acquisition by the United States of landing rights in Spain, the enlargement by American technicians of Spanish airfields and the interchange of goodwill visits between Spanish officers and American military personnel in Germany had long added up to clear evidence that Spain, in the eyes of the American National Security Council, is a valuable strategic base in Europe. The decision now taken seems to be that this military planning must be given diplomatic respectability by removing any shred of moral disapproval from a régime which holds the record in Europe for crude, corrupt and inefficient reaction. Progressive Americans will surely detect in the corridors of the State Department a mortuary smell: something of decency, something essential to the moral purposes of America, not to speak of Western Union, has died.

Gold Coast Arrests

Once again there is trouble in the Gold Coast. Nearly all the leaders of the Convention People's Party, headed by Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, have been arrested. They had called a general strike and a boycott of British goods, and organised demonstrations for immediate Dominion status; clashes with the police (two were killed) and a declaration of emergency followed.

The Gold Coast story, however, is more complicated than that. After the riots in Accra in February, 1948, a strong Commission of Enquiry reported on the necessity for a more liberal constitution. As a result, a Committee of 39 Africans under Judge Coussey (himself an African) was appointed to work out the details of constitutional reform. The Coussey Committee reported last November and proposed an arrangement which would bring the Gold Coast close to complete self-government. The Report was accepted, and five Committees set up to work out the detailed application.

Most politically active Africans, including the well-known Nationalist leader, Dr. Danquah (who was interned after the 1948 trouble), are associated with this constructive work, and in no way identified with Dr. Nkrumah's tactics; the campaign of disorder was denounced also by 62 Paramount Chiefs. It was probably an error not to have included Nkrumah in the Coussey Committee from the start; but, now that the constitutional work has already gone so far, no administration could be expected to do what Nkrumah asks and throw over the reforms it has accepted. Suspicion of the administration's intentions is, however, at once aroused by the easy talk of "Communism."

Nkrumah himself had Communist connections and probably some of his present associates have also been indoctrinated. But these people are nationalists, first and foremost, and their support comes from those who have been led to believe that freedom is never attained without revolution. Whether this view spreads in the Colony depends mainly on the speed with which the Coussey proposals are carried through and on necessary economic change.

Mixed Pickles

The shower of election manifestos includes, besides the main offerings, contributions from the Co-operators, the Communists and what is left of the I.L.P. The Co-operators, whose 33 candidates will be fighting as Labour as well as Co-op. representatives, naturally stress the gains

which their movement has secured under the Labour Government rather than such secondary differences as are involved in their determination to stand out against the nationalisation of services which they regard as falling within their own province. They endorse the new insurance plan and urge that "even when it is necessary to establish public direction of an industry, it is desirable that non-profit-making enterprises should be encouraged to develop side by side with the public sector." That is, they assert the virtues of competitive social enterprises.

The Communists, with fine irresponsibility, ignore the realities of the economic crisis. They demand higher wages and better social services for everybody—to be paid for by taxing profit "until the rich really squeal." They also come out for land nationalisation, for Scottish and Welsh Parliaments, for ending the partition of Ireland, for annulling the Atlantic Pact and U.S. control over Britain, and for friendship with the Soviet Union—as if it could be had for the asking.

The I.L.P., firing in all directions at once, denounce both the Communists and the Labour Party as betrayers of Socialism, and call hopefully for an European Socialist Commonwealth to bring about British independence of American domination and the maintenance of peace between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

Capital Punishment

Many people must be puzzled about the news from the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment. Is this the country where a House of Commons voted in 1948 for abolition? Is it even the century? No word from the abolitionist side has yet been heard by the Commission; the newspapers have been able to report nothing but grim demands for executions from the Home Office, the Prison Commission, prison officers and clergy, the after-care associations, the police—and, of course, the Judges, who are dissatisfied with the rate of hanging anyway. How could the events of 1948 have been real?

The explanation is that hitherto the Commission has heard only the officials, to most of whom the *status quo* is an occupational bedrock—a fact that could have had no more revealing illustration than the statement of the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Home Office, Sir Frank Newsam, that before he answered any questions from the Chairman he would like to make it clear that questions as to his personal views might be embarrassing to him and to the Home Secretary. ("We'll do our best not to embarrass you," said the Chairman.) The official mind neither speculates nor innovates. All other witnesses followed suit, though some (including Judges) have actually criticised the *status quo* in terms that suggest a hankering for the good old eighteenth century.

Next week the Commission will begin hearing evidence from people whose party line is not drawn for them: the medico-legal experts, the Howard League for Penal Reform, the B.M.A.—and the representatives of abolitionist countries abroad. The latter should create a different impression. People without strong convictions either way are unable to understand why we must retain the death penalty while Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, New Zealand, Queensland, eight of the American States, and a score of other countries maintain a low homicide rate without it.

Scandal in the Fourth Republic

Our Paris Correspondent writes: What fun Paris is having! It is almost like the good old days of *l'Affaire Stavisky*. The same paraphernalia as then: the "double or triple agent," the "character with a murky past" (but with a Legion of Honour for all that) in the person of M. Peyré, who was the friend, not of high-standing politicians this time, but of two eminent generals of the French Army, General Mast, and General Revers, the latter, until his recent demotion, French Chief of Staff, if you please! Peyré has now wisely fled to the Argentine. And then, as in the Stavisky affair, there figures a cheque book—belonging, this time, to a certain Hoang Van Co, representative of Vietminh in Paris; and Paris is, of course, buzzing with rumours about the people who actually cashed the bearer cheques issued by Van Co.

The trouble started in September when, in the midst of a drunken brawl, a certain Vietnamese was arrested, and on him was found a copy of General Revers' report on Indochina, which he had visited earlier in the summer. Other copies of the same report reached Indochina, where they were promptly used by the Vietminh radio. It seems that General Revers was more than dissatisfied with the state of affairs in Indochina, and was favouring a "new policy." Be that as it may, Peyré, who was a friend of the two generals, appears to have sold the confidential report to Vietminh.

But that isn't all. Rumour has it that, to effect a change of policy in Indochina, the two generals were needing political support from French members of parliament, and, in September, they are said to have arranged a dinner party for 40 Deputies, and to have been very outspoken. "Many of them," says the *Canard Enchaîné*, "would to-day give a lot not to have attended that dinner." Whether the Generals knew anything about Van Co's cheque book the parliamentary committee of inquiry, which has just been set up, will be called upon to establish. From what one gathers, one of the features of the "Peyré Plan" was to bring about certain important nominations in Indochina among the French personnel there; and M. Bidault must have been somewhat embarrassed if, as is widely rumoured, the candidate of the Premier's own Party, the M.R.P., for the post of French High Commissioner in Indochina was none other than General Mast!

Another very persistent rumour—despite official denials—is that the Americans were determined to "sink" General Revers, because of his "unco-operative" attitude in the Atlantic Pact talks, and perhaps also because his ideas on Indochina did not tally with those of Washington. In any case the beans were spilt, not by any French paper but, oddly enough, by *Time* Magazine, whose correspondent in Paris, as the *Canard* remarks, bears the picturesque name of M. Laguerre. Meantime, the recognition of the Ho Chi Minh Government by the Mao Government of China has thrown Paris into a state of confusion. "It will badly compromise Bao Dai even in the eyes of his supporters," is the current French comment.

THE ELECTION: Marginal Comment

I THOUGHT two things were obvious about Mr. Churchill's broadcast on Saturday night. The first was that he had been persuaded not to embark on the wild and reckless charges which were his opening gambit in the notorious game of 1945; the second was that his rotund and florid style of oratory, which flies from fact to rhetoric at the slightest provocation, cannot be easily adapted to a fifteen-minute broadcast. For he needs two or three minutes at the close for the combination of solemnity and passion of his conclusion. Add minor perorations on the way, and he has little time for closely knit argument.

There were only two positive indications of what Tory policy might be under his charge. He pledged himself to a minimum basic income for all, and he would not let the controls go which made that personal income safe. He did not indicate what the minimum basic income was to be, and he did not announce what control was necessary to safeguard it. For the rest, it was a story hashed over a hundred times. The poor regimented British people! If only Lord Woolton (with the aid of a new Lend-lease) could feed them. Poor lonely Mr. Attlee, the only Socialist (he forgot Pandit Nehru) to lead a Government in the Commonwealth to-day. Everything worth having in the Labour Government had been accepted by the three major parties in 1944; it was terrible to see how these incompetent rulers of ours had mauled and pawed what could have been so nobly performed if he had been in charge.

Mr. Churchill spat Mr. Attlee's name as if it were an expletive. He agreed with Mr. Morrison that without American aid we might well have a million and a half unemployed. He did not add that many of his supporters want to see that number of unemployed anyway, with or without American aid. He spoke with immense solemnity about our need to grow far more of our own food; he naturally did not stop to point out that, since 1945, Mr. Tom Williams has done more to that end than any Tory Minister since 1832.

The broadcast, in a general way, was a tired but still fruity blast of the trombone against the monstrous regiment of Socialists. It had no real heart in it. Parts of it were meant, obviously, to be bloodcurdling; but just as the old tiger was ready to spring, the gentle influence of his professional tamer, Lord Woolton, had obviously persuaded him to creep back quietly into his cage and had wiped away the foam of anger that was about to gather round his lips. There were traces of a nostalgia for the great days when Britain could order the world to heel. Now our genius was "paralysed." The implication was, I think, that only Mr. Churchill could prescribe a patent cure, but, unless he wins, he will keep it dark.

It may be that this solemn collection of platitudes and forebodings will give comfort in Bath and Cheltenham. To me it sounded much like Mr. Churchill's swan-song, though too much like a diversion played on a penny whistle. It is possible to be angry in the Bracken way when you stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood; it is possible to attack with the shrill anger of Lord Beaverbrook, when you do not mind what you say, or how relevant it is to the facts. But you cannot really be effectively angry in Mr. Stiggins' way, which is Lord Woolton's soft, reproachful-finger-shaking technique; nor can you transform a natural tiger into a sheep by warnings that the tiger is not on in this performance.

Poor Mr. Churchill! The great warrior does not easily play the pipe of peace. I hope he "worked it off" on Lord Woolton afterwards. He must have felt like the actor who has been guided by a friend's mistake into the wrong theatre for the wrong play.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Me-tooers and Last-ditchers

SINCE 1945, Mr. Churchill has been faced with the dilemma which always confronts a Conservative leader when a democracy takes one of its sudden forward leaps. It was the dilemma of the Tories after 1832 and again after 1906; it has been the dilemma of the American Republicans ever since 1933. Should the Tory accept the inevitable, discard the principles of the past and assert that he is better equipped to administer the new dispensation than the doctrinaires who first propounded it? This is the tactic of those Republicans who have been nicknamed the "Me-tooers" because they claim that they are no less in favour of the Fair Deal than the Democratic Party. Or should he regard the forward leap as a leap towards perdition, and proclaim that the old country will be ruined unless it returns to normalcy? This is the doctrine of the Last-ditchers.

Since the aim of every political party is to retain its unity, win an election and achieve office, neither doctrine ever prevails. The Last-ditchers are rightly informed by their more progressive colleagues that, if they denounce all the benefits of the new era, the Party will remain for ever in the wilderness. The Me-tooers, on the other hand, are warned by the Party Managers that if they commit themselves to a really progressive policy, the Party will lose the support of its chief financial backers, who always happen to live in the last ditch. So finally, after much parleying and private recrimination, an uneasy compromise is reached. The Last-ditchers agree to suppress their denunciations of the new era, or at least to publish them only in the annual reports of the big banks. In return, the Me-tooers are careful to draft their progressive pledges with a nice ambiguity; and they placate the Last-ditchers, who supply the campaign funds, by a categorical promise to make drastic reductions in Government expenditure. The result is a programme which squarely faces both ways.

Differences between the Left and the Right are not the monopoly of Conservative Parties; Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevin would not view all the proposals of *Keeping Left* with enthusiasm. But at least the Labour Party is agreed about what must be the foundations of a Socialist planned economy, and the disagreements are mainly concerned with the speed at which the house should be built on these foundations. In the Conservative Party to-day there is no such basic agreement. The Last-ditchers, skippered by Mr. Churchill and piloted by Mr. David Eccles, sincerely believe that Britain can only avoid disaster by following the wholesome example of Italy, Belgium and Western Germany. "Rigidity" can only be removed from the economy by a "dash to freedom" which must include the end of exchange control, the abandonment of wage and dividend restraint, the discarding of rationing and the removal of all central planning of production. A brief boom, followed by a painful, curative deflation, is their recipe for saving the body politic from the disease of "over-full-employment."

Mr. Butler and Mr. MacMillan—the spokesmen of the Me-tooers—have almost persuaded Mr. Churchill that such a policy would not only mean electoral suicide, but would be quite impossible to carry out if the Conservative Party achieved office. The country would not tolerate this bottle of old-fashioned medicine from any doctor. Rationing and controls, they argue, must be maintained until a national minimum has been assured to every person in the country. Moreover, the electorate must be solemnly told that full employment will be maintained by the Tory Party, and the Welfare State enlarged still further. Instead of the dash to freedom, the Me-tooers want a policy of fair shares in a planned economy, and they believe that the return to the normalcy of free enterprise must be postponed to a distant future when the dollar crisis has withered away.

To reconcile these two views is, of course, impossible; but the Conservative programme *This Is the Road* makes a gallant attempt to do so. It states firmly and repeatedly that "the national resources have been squandered by the Socialists" and that "the crushing burden of public expenditure must be drastically reduced." This is the contribution of the Last-ditchers. But the Me-tooers have insured that the only specific proposal for Government economy—a cut in the food subsidies—is counterbalanced by an assurance of "compensating increases" in social benefits including larger family allowances, increased pensions and reductions in direct and indirect taxation. In addition to this comprehensive pledge, the compromise programme recommends, though without any promise of immediate fulfilment:

> Improvements in the pay of Regulars,
> Increased pay for teachers,
> Concessions to old-age pensioners,
> Improvements in war pensions,
> Re-conditioning grants for all rural cottages,
> Improvements in the health service.

Finally, to increase the bill still further, the programme promises to restore the highly profitable road haulage and bus industry to private enterprise and so swell the railway deficit.

The difficulties of using this programme as a signpost to the Right Road are obvious enough. The Labour Party has bluntly stated that in the present circumstances no increases in the social services can be made. If Mr. Churchill is right and Britain can really afford all these lavish additions to the Welfare State, then his attacks on "Socialist squandermania" are obviously absurd. If, on the other hand, he is correct in his diagnosis that the main cure for our evils is a drastic reduction in taxation, then equally obviously the social services must be cut.

It may be said that, when dealing with an uneducated electorate, politicians need not concern themselves unduly about such contradictions. Alternatively the Tories may argue that, by stopping nationalisation and permitting industry to retain most of its profits, a Conservative Government would stimulate so sensational a recovery that it would be able to reduce taxation and increase Government expenditure simultaneously. We are doubtful whether either of these two arguments will sound very convincing. Not even Mr. Churchill will persuade the nation that he can wield a Geddes Axe in his right hand while with his left hand he adds a couple of bathrooms to the palace of the Welfare State.

This Is the Road purports to tell the country the real nature of the crisis which confronts it. It attributes full employment exclusively to Marshall Aid and warns us of the dangers in 1953, when the dollars have ceased to flow. But, when we look for a Conservative policy designed to reduce the dollar gap and make us independent of American aid, we are disappointed. Apparently it is Mr. Churchill's view that the dishonest Socialist pound will automatically become honest, and the whole external problem solve itself, if only we stop nationalising, reduce taxation and free business from bureaucratic control. In short, there is nothing wrong with Britain except what the Socialists have done since 1945. Wipe the slate clean and our prosperity will return along with a healthy rate of profits, taxation and unemployment.

One trouble about this Last-ditch theory of the dollar crisis, which attributes it wholly to the effects of British Socialism, is that it makes nonsense of Mr. Butler's Me-tooism. If dollars must be saved in order to achieve independence of American aid, then controls of foreign exchange, imports, exports and production must become a permanent feature of our mixed economy. If a social minimum is really to be assured for everyone, then wealth must permanently be redistributed by means of heavy taxation. The dash to freedom, as practised by our Last-ditch neighbours in Western Europe, is incompatible with the full employment and fair shares which Mr. Butler wishes to persuade us have become a part of Conservative philosophy. A Party cannot help looking slightly ridiculous if it stands defiantly in the Last-ditch, cooing Me-too.

On the Nile

AN Egyptian village headman explained to me some years ago that he never faked election results; all he did was to drop the ballot boxes into the Nile. There were few ballot boxes despatched in this manner after the General Election of January 3; the neutral Cabinet of Sirry Pasha ensured that votes were counted; the Wafd was returned with an overwhelming majority. For the first time perhaps, in the history of modern Egypt, the Palace, the British and popular opinion combined to choose the same Government.

The campaign for the return of the Wafd was started last summer by Sir Ronald Campbell, the British Ambassador in Cairo. After much effort, he persuaded King Farouk of the advisability of making his peace with the Wafd and particularly with its leader, Nahas Pasha. For it had been Mr. Bevin's view for some time that a minority Government, fearing Egyptian public opinion, could never conclude a treaty with Britain. In British eyes, the return of the Wafd was the first step to a new alliance.

Prevailing conditions in Egypt last summer helped to persuade King Farouk of the wisdom of making his peace with the Wafd: a Coalition was formed, and the Wafd joined it. The Foreign Office was jubilant. It only needed to wait for the election for the desired new

treaty with Egypt to become a reality. But Mr. Bevin, in his halt at Cairo this week-end, will find the Wafd has changed considerably since the days of 1936 when the last treaty with Britain was concluded. Most of the older leaders of those days—except Nahas—have parted company with the Wafd. In their place and in the place of the simple Nationalism which they preached has come a new generation, whose outlook is still intensely Nationalist, but is also becoming socially conscious in various degrees. It is no longer preoccupied with the British and the Zionists to the exclusion of all else. It is also greatly concerned with such issues as education, adequate food, housing and health—all new factors in Arab politics in the Middle East.

The new Wafd Government reflects this change. In place of the stock-in-trade lawyers and politicians that have composed so many Governments, the new men indicate the silent revolution wrought by the last election. The "strong man" is Fuad Sirag el Din Pasha, who becomes Minister of the Interior. He is barely forty, extremely rich and incorruptible, and social-reformist in outlook. Next to him is the new Minister of Education, Taha Hussein Bey, who (though blind) is one of the outstanding educationists of our day. He aims at making education available for all in Egypt—something that will be possible only by taxing the rich much more severely. The rest of the Cabinet is composed of professors, teachers and experts rather than of professional politicians of the old school. It is not lacking in talent or ideas; it has an overwhelming majority in Parliament; and it is tolerated and supported by the Palace —albeit without enthusiasm.

The effect of the Wafd victory has been felt in every Arab capital. It has encouraged popular parties and movements in almost every Arab country to become bolder in the demand for fair elections and genuinely representative Governments. It has strengthened Egypt's position in the Arab League which had suffered seriously lately. Indeed, the new Foreign Minister of Egypt, Mohammed Saleh el Din Bey, is expected to succeed Azzam Pasha as Secretary General of the Arab League when he retires at the end of his term of office next March. But the Arab States will watch in particular how the Wafd handles the British.

The Foreign Office is optimistic. But though it claims credit for helping the Wafd back into power, it did not expect the Wafd to be in a position of governing by itself without the moderating influence of a Coalition. As it is, the F.O. is committed to discussing Egyptian affairs with a Government sworn to bring about the withdrawal of the British troops still in Egypt—estimated at over 20,000—and to secure the union of the Sudan with Egypt. There has been much talk of an acceptable compromise being worked out by the Foreign Office, but it is difficult to see what form this could take. It is true that Egypt has recently been receiving substantial military assistance, which has enabled her to equip her army, air force and navy with some of Britain's most up-to-date weapons. But will the Wafd strike a bargain on this basis? The Foreign Office seems to believe it; the military do not.

In fact, it seems as if military opinion were rather disturbed by the haste with which the Foreign Office is attempting to cash in on the Wafd victory. The War Office is concerned with graver problems. The whole question of Middle East defence is again in the melting pot. The Americans have once more contracted out from all positive defence commitments in the Middle East, apart from aid to Turkey, Greece and Persia. As a result, Britain has been left to guard the hard core of the Middle East, which lies between Turkey and Tripoli.

The British military planners feel that the British position in the Suez Canal Zone is the key to this defence, but that any disturbance in the political or diplomatic fields must be avoided. The British positions in the Canal Zone are already beyond the strict limits of the zone allocated to the British under the treaty. The military fear that any negotiations initiated by the Foreign Office at this stage will result only in focussing attention on the differences between Britain and Egypt and are unlikely to lead to any genuine settlement. They would, therefore, like the present *de facto* arrangements in the Middle East continued without unnecessary discussions. The British would continue to help restore the Egyptian armed forces and finances; the Egyptians would make no effort formally to raise the subject of the Canal Zone and Suez for the time being. The armistices between Israel and the Arab States would also continue without attempting at this stage to bring about a formal peace.

But the pressure behind the Wafd is great. It has still the uncertain factor of the Moslem Brotherhood on its flank. If it fails to carry out its promises, its members may well turn to the extremist Brotherhood for solace and active opposition to the British. Similarly, Iraq and Syria are looking to Egypt for an example of the genuine independent Arab State; and Iraq is waiting only for Egypt to take the initiative before she too comes with her renewed demand for a revision of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty. Thus both Nahas and Farouk face a tricky situation if they want to consolidate the fruits of their victory.

JON KIMCHE

London Diary

I HAVE heard a number of complaints about our critical observations last week on the Labour Party's election manifesto. "Don't you realise," asked on indignant M.P., "how damaging that sort of thing is just before an election?" When pressed, he added: "Yes! yes! it was true enough, but it was so ill-timed." It seems to me daft to suggest that we should help to get a second Labour Government elected by pretending to our readers that *Let's Win Through Together* was an adequate statement of Socialist policy. Unlike most Party managers, I think that a steadily increasing number of electors is actually alienated by the calculated omissions and deliberate ambiguities with which clever propagandists try to console them. I should guess, for instance, that the *Daily Express* stunt about the German food situation is losing Mr. Churchill quite a number of votes. Or consider *The Times* editorial on the Conservative promise to increase social services at the same time as drastically reducing taxation:

> This proclamation of a policy of financial economy (though without, it is true, any detailed reckoning of the likely total costs of the benefits underwritten in the Manifesto, including improved pensions) is the nearest approach, together with the promise to effect a settlement of sterling debts overseas, to economic realism in the Election so far.

Conservative headquarters will be pleased that *The Times* is now a reliable newspaper, but I doubt whether this sort of comment either enhances its reputation as an independent newspaper or wins votes for the Conservatives. It may well be that the *Manchester Guardian*, which has been showing a ferocious independence in castigating all the Party programmes, including that of the Liberals, may well have more political influence when it finally decides which side to support.

* * *

The Conservative attitude to this election seemed to me excellently summarised in a letter which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* on January 20th from a Mr. Raglan Somerset, who wrote of this "stricken country," which alone had not abolished food rationing. The Liberal view, on the other hand, is moral. It attacks the philosophy of Mr. Somerset, but equally fears a working-class world. By voting Liberal one escapes the responsibility for decisions. The Labour view is, I think, that the Labour Party has fulfilled its programme, carried out its promises and, if things aren't as good as one hoped, anyway they are better than what they would have been if the Tories had been in power, and if Labour gets back again there is less chance of unemployment and a good chance things may go on getting better. The Communist view is that where a Communist candidate is not standing, it is better to vote Labour because another period of Social-Democratic Government is necessary to expose its hypocrisy and futility. A very common non-party view, I think, was expressed by a photographer outside 10 Downing Street, who, when asked by an American correspondent which way he would vote said: "I put the SOBs in last time and I shall put them in again."

* * *

Among those who know Algernon Hiss, there is still no disposition to admit the possibility that he was a Communist agent supplying secret information to the Soviet Union. His friends who were ready to testify for him in public included uniquely two members of the Supreme Court, Stettinius (an ex-Secretary of the State Department), as well as many other most distinguished and reliable American citizens. The main evidence against him was given by a man who admitted having committed perjury on eleven occasions before the Committee on Un-American Activities. The case against Hiss, if one may judge from the brilliant reporting of Alistair Cooke in the *Manchester Guardian*, and also from the Jury's desire to have this part of the evidence repeated, rested almost entirely on the admitted fact that the documents were typed on a typewriter that was at one time in his possession. The defence seems to have been driven into entirely unsupported speculations in order to show that this

typewriter was used by someone else to copy these documents. It could have been so used, but only if someone had begun to set a net to trap Hiss as long ago as 1937. There is still an appeal to come, but even if the Supreme Court (which will, of course, sit without the members who have testified for Hiss) find in his favour, he will be, I gather, financially ruined. All that is much less important than the effect of the verdict on American politics. Those who have always declared that Roosevelt was really a kind of secret Communist are overjoyed to find that his closest adviser, one of the architects of Yalta, has been found by an American jury to be just what they have always said that New Dealers were. The frame of mind of the Committee on Un-American Activities is greatly encouraged and the drive intensified to "purge" from Government Departments all those who in this country would be described as faintly liberal. Whether the Hiss case is a kind of American Dreyfus case, it seems likely to have much the same effect.

* * *

It looks as though the Seattle power station will become a test case. Here is a contract in which the tenders of two British firms were well below their nearest American competitors. But the British tenders were rejected on the grounds that electrical engineers operating from this country were too far away adequately to service or repair the equipment after installation. Difficulties of this kind have not been a handicap in other parts of the world; British firms manage to service installations in Central Africa and other places less accessible than Seattle. If Seattle refuses what is acceptable in Africa, the Far East and the Antipodes, we must assume the Americans are guilty of that terrible crime of "discrimination" which is so fiercely attacked whenever we use it. Devaluation lowered our prices enough to make them competitive. Yet our dollar-earning products can still be excluded. Are we going to run into more discrimination of this kind as we try to extend our exports to the U.S. beyond a limited range of specialised luxuries?

* * *

Discussing "American imperialism" a correspondent recalls a prophetic remark in *Nostromo* by Joseph Conrad, who was no Marxist. The American financier, Mr. Holroyd, discussing investment in Costaguana, says:

> We can sit and watch. Of course, some day we shall step in. We are bound to. But there's no hurry. Time itself has got to wait on the greatest country in the whole of God's Universe. We shall be giving the word for everything: industry, trade, law, journalism, art, politics, and religion, from Cape Horn clear over to Smith's Sound, and beyond, too, if anything worth taking hold of turns up at the North Pole. And then we shall have leisure to take in hand the outlying islands and continents of the earth. We shall run the world's business whether the world likes it or not. The world can't help it—and neither can we, I guess.

* * *

If we had had a Liberal-Unionist Government in power, and Lord Beaverbrook as chairman of one of the committees, the public would already be weary of being told that the 1951 Exhibition is to be the greatest thing ever conceived by the mind of man. As it is, newspaper readers vaguely believe that millions of pounds are being wasted, that the concert hall will be a white elephant, that the inhabitants of Battersea are outraged by the use of their park for a Fun Fair, and that, anyway, the whole thing will be a flop because none of it will be ready by 1951. Last week-end I walked across the river and talked with workmen; some were building the concert hall; others constructing the big mushroom dome, making the imitation coal mine or clearing up the new four acres of London that they have created by pushing blitz rubble into the Thames. I must admit I had not expected so much enthusiasm: they were positively excited about the job. The site may be rather small for such an Exhibition and there is, I think, a danger of long queues on Bank Holidays, but against that you have the advantage of the river and the superb view across to Westminster. The span of Charing Cross Bridge will be turned into a gaily coloured arch, linking up the two parts of the Exhibition. Gerald Barry has very practical plans for giving a new-look to the drab background of Stamford Street. Critics of the site seem to have forgotten that anyway something had to be done with this deplorable, devastated area. If the Government had said we couldn't afford an Exhibition in 1951, imagine the *Daily Boost's* leading articles about the mean, unimaginative, austere, petty, dreary Crippsian, penny-wise-pound-foolish Socialist dilly-dallies who couldn't make up their minds to do anything big, or see the value of any colour or fun in the world!

* * *

Perhaps it was because I had already in my mind such a jolly picture of crowds having a good time on the gay boulevards of 1951, that I so enjoyed the scene by Charing Cross Underground as I climbed down from Hungerford Bridge. It was Saturday afternoon, and in the little square, one side of which is the Embankment Gardens, there were barrows piled high with oranges, tangerines and red-streaked apples; there were great bunches of daffodils, mimosa, white jonquils, yellow, purple and scarlet tulips. At the back of the square there is a bookshop and the sun caught the brilliant jackets of a high bank of cheap and gaudy books. And then, suddenly, as I was saying to myself that an artist who painted this violently coloured street-scene would be laughed at if he called it London—suddenly the whole thing came to life. The men and girls standing about were roaring with laughter. The keeper of the little coffee-stall was throwing bits of sandwich to a preposterously happy puppy which was dashing around in circles, tripping people up, leaping against the barrows and rolling over in an ecstasy of enjoyment because everyone was paying it so much attention. It was like a street scene in a René Clair film. The picture had come alive because the figures in it were related, making the same noise, enjoying the same fun.

* * *

Asking for a copy of *Keeping Left* at a bookstall, a would-be purchaser was offered by the assistant the *Highway Code*. CRITIC

GUILTY OF TREATING

"A person shall be guilty of treating if he corruptly, by himself or by any other person, gives or provides the expense of giving or providing any meat, drink, entertainment or provision for the purpose of corruptly influencing a person to vote . . . every elector or proxy who corruptly accepts or takes any such meat, drink, entertainment or provision shall be guilty of treating."—From Representation of the People Act, 1949.

A person commits an election offence
If he gives (or provides) any liquid (or meat)
Paying wholly (or partly) the cost (or expense)
Of standing a treat.

A person who seeks to solicit a vote
By free entertainment corruptly competing,
Be it liquor (or snacks or a table d'hôte),
Is guilty of treating.

Electors such drink (or such meat) must refuse,
At all such provision must shudder (or shrink)
He likewise is guilty who swallows (or chews)
Such meat or such drink.

Elector (or proxy) by terms of the Act,
All such entertainment by drinking (or eating)
Directly (or else indirectly) in fact
Is guilty of treating.

All persons are guilty who give (or provide)
Such meat (or such drink) to be eaten (or quaffed)
Consumed within doors (or else taken outside),
Be they hard drinks (or soft).

A practice corrupt shall have plainly occurred
Both treater and treated corruption completing,
When one person a glass to the next has transferred,
All are guilty of treating.

All persons risk guilt who have drunk (or have supped)
Where free entertainment may bubble (or foam)
But persons avoid all transactions corrupt
By staying at home.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. —, an unusual man, had described himself as an idealist. Although he intended to commit misconduct, he said it had to be the right atmosphere, the right time and the right surroundings.—*Evening News*. (O. Litvinoff.)

Ernest Milton is to be congratulated for his interpretation of Lucifer. My wife was so impressed by this that she decided to call her future baby Lucifer if it was a boy.—Letter in *Radio Times*. (H. J. Irons.)

An unfortunate error . . . has occurred in the Preface and on the front flap of the jacket: for "roughly revised" read "thoroughly revised."—Publisher's Announcement. (L. A. Lees.)

"The boy would be expected to foresee," Judge Forbes added, "that there is one thing a man does not want after having his Sunday dinner; that is to have his feet tickled."—*News of the World*. (J. R. Herbert.)

Guests' dogs are charged for at the rate of either 1s. or 1s. 6d. each day, according to the size and social standing of the dog.—Extract from a Torquay Hotel Brochure. (S. R. Maudsley.)

After Me the Deluge

EARLY in December Mr. Morgan Philips asked me if I would give a broadcast, in the time allotted to the Labour Party, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the party. I replied that I was ready to give one of these political broadcasts but that the subject he suggested would be better left to one of the Labour leaders. Mr. Philips then offered me a quarter of an hour on January 14th, without restriction as to subject and treatment. There was no suggestion I should submit the script to Transport House. No payment would be made for the broadcast, but I was offered expenses, which I refused. Although I have been on friendly terms for years with some of its leading figures, I am not a member of the Labour Party. I mention these facts because statements I made to the same effect in my broadcast have been widely challenged, although nobody has explained why I should think it worth while to go on the air and tell a lot of lies about myself.

Actually I tried very hard to do a political talk that would for once be free from the grosser forms of prejudice, the emotive claptrap, the melodramatic atmosphere of election platform oratory. I did not hesitate to repeat some of the criticisms I had made of the Labour Government in this and one or two other periodicals, thereby promptly offering some ammunition to opposition forces that appear to be short of it. I was particularly anxious to address myself to middle-class listeners, because I knew that many of them had had a tough time, that most of them, with little real interest in politics, did not trouble to understand what was happening in the world, and, after five years of propaganda in the Tory Press, were prepared to blame the Labour Government for every unpleasant fact in their lives. I wanted to talk *for* them as well as *to* them, for I believed that nobody in the long run would suffer more from a change of government than they would. I tried to talk as I would to somebody who had asked me a political question or two at my fireside.

Now for the result. First, the Press. I do not take press-cuttings, but many correspondents acted as a press-cutting agency, so that I have a fair sample here of the reactions of the Tory Press. I had presented an argument and might reasonably have expected to have been answered in the same manner. But no, the thing to do apparently was to discredit me. Quotations from old articles or humorous essays were wildly torn from their contexts. Deliberate distortions were two a penny. Inventions took the place of facts. (For example, it was said that I was the Chairman of the Commonwealth Party when it was fighting by-elections in the war, whereas at that time I was not even a member of that party.) Why make a reasoned reply to such a liar, hypocrite, zany? That was the line, just as in 1941, when I was turned off the air, these papers told their readers I was a bore and everybody was tired of me, facts that they discovered all together in one week.

There was also a rush for Smear tactics. The Smear, which is contemporary journalism at its worst, is contrived to do you the maximum damage with unreflective readers while adroitly avoiding a definitely libellous statement. Let us take one example and see how it works. Knowing that I was coming up specially from the Isle of Wight to deliver this broadcast, and that I was arriving at lunch time, Mr. Morgan Philips asked me to lunch with him, as any friend might have done, and we were joined by Mr. Herbert Morrison, whom I have known for years. This purely social occasion, which was our affair and nobody else's, was turned by the editor of a Sunday newspaper into "a two-hour lunch-time consultation" and used to suggest that I was lying when I declared myself independent. Now this editor must have known very well that a broadcast talk that was to be released that afternoon to the Press could not have been the subject of "a consultation" at that time, and that if we had been up to anything fishy we would hardly have displayed ourselves openly in a restaurant much frequented by editors; but he also knew that his readers would not reason like this, so in went the Smear.

Meanwhile, the Grand Smear was being concocted, to be given prominence in several newspapers and to be used, as good election material, on many a platform. This Smear is a masterpiece of its kind, and great pains must have been taken over it. I can hear the original editor in conference with his assistants, Smirch, Slander and Sly. "Now then, boys," he is saying, "what have you got on Priestley? Owns a farm, eh? That's good—play that up—going to London loaded with thick cream and roast pheasants. Stick a few figures in—anything will do. Rents a house with a large hall, does he? We can use that. Put that estate agent stuff in there. Drag his wife in by hook or crook. No chauffeur, no Rolls-Royces, uses taxis? No good to us—so say he is driven to Ryde in one of his cars. A familiar figure of course but stick in 'taciturn.' Never missed from the Island? Good! I know it contradicts the familiar figure business, but we'll say they don't entertain the neighbours, which will suggest that either they dislike the local people or the local people don't like them. This is going to be a very nice job, boys. Polish it up." So with some statements that are true, others false, there is created, artful stroke by stroke, a false picture calculated to prejudice thousands of readers. As an old Smear victim I have often wondered how the men who concoct and print this muck would react if I served them up publicly in the same sauce. "Mr. Smear, the well-known Tory hack, has just been given a rise. His wife . . . ."

And all these seem to me the tactics of men in despair, men who have ceased to believe in reason in politics, men whose contempt for their audience is unfathomable, men who from now on pin their faith on slander, prejudice and passion. But then this same campaign of innuendo and near-libel has been waged against Labour Ministers for the last five years.

The letters have poured in by every post. Their contents range from words of friendly appreciation to pieces of used toilet paper. A great many of them, wildly hysterical in tone, disdaining argument of any kind, are from middle-aged or elderly women, screaming that I am a dirty liar, a filthy hypocrite. How dare I talk about "equal shares"? (I never did, but what is that to them?) To ask such viragos not to base their political judgments on private grievances, as I tried to do, is laughable. To a woman they belong to dear Mr. Churchill, and he is welcome to them. And if they think they frighten me, describing what they would do if they could lay their hands on me, they are quite right. Here is prime breeding soil for Fascism, and I can see some of these furies gibbering at me through the barbed wire. And yet many of them are the very people I was trying to warn against plunging this country into violent alternations of Right and Left, into raising a whirlwind in which some of them would be swept away like dead leaves.

The men are better, including those retired military gents who deplore my "favouring of the lower classes." (It is not the old-fashioned but the new-fashioned Tory who frightens me.) But even most of them tell me I ought to be ashamed of supporting the Labour Government, not because its policies are mistaken, but because it is not magically perfect and cannot find Aladdin's lamp. These chaps are wanting better bread than any party can make out of our wheat. They are blind to the position we are in, to world history and economics. And I cannot help wondering if the C.O.I., on which we have spent millions, could not have attempted a little elementary political and economic education, not to create Socialists but people capable of reflection and reasonable discussion.

The fact that I did not mention, preferably with tears of gratitude blinding me, American aid is the chief grievance of many correspondents. Their attitude confirms what I have long thought and frequently declared. Rather than admit they owed anything to a Labour Government, these true-blue patriots prefer to see us as bankrupts and beggars, obviously inferior to rich and generous Americans, and seem to be prepared now to accept this country as a depressed 49th State of the Union. And it is "ungrateful swine" like me and my "Red-Conchie-Jew friends" (there is a wild lumping together of scapegoats here) who will not acknowledge these facts. And again, as I have pointed out before, they have been encouraged to adopt this attitude by a popular Tory Press that has been forcing American values on its readers for the last five years. They are all riding on a Street Car Called Desire.

This, from a professional man, is typical of many letters: "I imagine I am included in the class to whom your broadcast was particularly addressed—one of those *vermin* who do not matter a *tinker's cuss*—and I wonder how you can reconcile this with the general tenor of your address." I cannot begin to reply to all these people; but if I could reply, I would point out that I am not responsible for unfortunate phrases that occur to hot-headed Ministers, and that anyhow the question now

is not who has been rude to us (and I have had my share) but what is to happen to this country. And it is not clear even yet to many middle-class people that no party possesses a magical formula for prosperity, that we are moving rapidly in history, and that in the last resort this country depends upon organised labour and that, while miners and farmworkers could manage without us if necessary, we could not live without them.

If this is to be a nice, clean, thoughtful, friendly Election, then one man is going to be surprised. But as the letters still arrive, and with them the tide of nonsense, prejudice and passion rises round my desk, I remind myself that all this represents a mere fringe of the listening public, to say nothing of the electorate, and that as yet millions have not spoken.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Greece: The Economics of Athens

He was an earnest American, an economic adviser on a high level. "What we're trying to do," he said, "is to carry through a progressive reconstruction with a reactionary instrument." The Marshall Aid *Country Study for Greece*, published last February, explains what he meant by "progressive reconstruction": its recommendations—much like those for Italy—were for a big expansion in public investment and a ploughing back of profits for the future good of the community. These objectives, as in Italy, have remained on paper. "And the dilemma," continued my American, "is whether to step in and run the show ourselves, or whether to persevere in shoving quietly from behind the scenes."

So long as the civil war continued, the Americans here intervened directly and continuously. It was they who really governed the Greek State. After the summer was over, and the civil war seemed finally won, Mr. Paul R. Porter, the head of the Mission for Aid to Greece, decided that direct intervention should cease. Opinions differ now about the success of this experiment in remote control: on balance it seems to have failed. "But that's the trouble," my American concluded. "If we run the show ourselves, how are the Greeks ever going to learn to take responsibility? And if we step back and merely advise, like we're trying to do now—well, they do the damnedest things."

Is the economic muddle really as bad as all that? Superficially, no one could doubt it. Constitution Square at almost any time of day will show you American cars end to end, cars purchased a couple of years ago by that tiny minority of Athenians who shop in a couple of dozen expensive stores, buy flowers and jewellery at great prices for one another's wives, and nightly, in bars of the shinier kind, thank whatever gods they know for the million dollars of American aid which flow into Greece every day. These are the people whom the Western Embassies and Missions mean when they talk about "the Greeks"—not the gaunt people of the countryside nor the working people of Athens and Piraeus, nor the vast majority of the population. The future of Greece is in the hands of "the Greeks"—after all, we have paid enough to put it there—and there, say the Embassies, it must remain unless the "subversive forces of the Kremlin" are to be allowed to prevail.

"The Greeks," as any Western observer here will privately admit, have their disadvantages. They are selfish, careerist, and corrupt. But they are all we have got, it seems, and they have to be supported. Even so, does the muddle and corruption go much below the surface? The case of housing is perhaps a better guide to this than the panorama of American cars hooting and blaring their way through the ragged crowds on Churchill Street. According to an official report on the achievements of Marshall Aid in Greece during 1949, "a total of 1,588 urban houses were completed," as well as 26,469 "housing units"—defined as the scantiest room-and-a-half accommodation, mostly in repaired buildings.

Now there is perhaps no shortage in Greece to-day so acute as housing. According to an American source, none of the housing units "even approach the traditionally low housing standards of Greece," while "refugees are being pushed back to their villages at a dangerously anti-social rate." Yet the Greek Government has built no low-rental houses apart from these 1,588 supervised directly by Americans.

What happens in the Greek housing business is something rather different. The Government replies to American impatience by saying urbanely that private enterprise must be left to find its own best way ahead. But rent-control makes investment in low-rental housing a poor attraction for operators who like to see a comfortable 15 to 30 per cent on their money. Meeting this objection, the Government has provided incentives in the form of tax exemption for building operators and also rent-control relief—both forms of incentive being arranged to run until 1960. Bearing these gifts, investors thereupon use their money in the most businesslike way—in building blocks of luxury flats which command high rents.

A skilful operator will put down the equivalent of perhaps £2,000, laying foundations on a desirable site in Kolonaki or along the northern slopes of Lykabettos, and building as far as the ground floor. He will then sell against a large deposit the flats he proposes to build—the outright purchase of flats being common in Greece, as elsewhere on the Continent. With the money or credit thus obtained, he will finish his blocks of flats, thereupon seeing a return on his money of monumental proportions. Under rent-control relief, this system forces up the rent of all classes of residential property, so that the net effect on low-rental housing is merely to increase the profits without extending the housing accommodation.

Next, the rate of native Greek investment is exceedingly low—because, as the Minister for Reconstruction explained to me, "we have to admit that so far confidence has been lacking," or, in simpler terms, people making profits have turned them into hoarded sovereigns or removed them from the country. The last few months it seems, have seen a slight inward flow of gold into the central bank—a sign among several others that private investment may now improve. Since Greek capital held abroad cannot hope to earn a tenth of the tremendous interest rates now prevailing in Greece, a common calculation seems to be that one should bring one's money back at least for a few years, while leaving open a sure escape route in case of emergency.

This low rate of native investment understandably worries the Americans. It is true that Marshall Aid counterpart funds will now be used largely for public investment, especially in the erection of power plants and the improvement of agricultural equipment and technique, while as much as 150 million dollars are said to have been spent in 1949 on capital equipment and essential reconstruction. But this is not Greek money. The Americans are faced with the unpalatable fact that the Greek capitalist accumulates his profits abroad while the American taxpayer saves his country.

It is here that one gets at the root of the matter. To succeed in their ambition to shore up Greece against revolutionary change, the Americans admit that they must somehow deepen and extend Greek capitalism so that the capitalists may grow in number and, still more important, acquire at least a rudimentary patriotism or "sense of the national interest." But it is patently obvious that everything remains to be done from the beginning. Throughout the civil war, while Greek shipowners screamed as loud as anyone else against the plots of the Kremlin and the dangers to civilisation "if Greece fell," about two-thirds of the Greek mercantile marine continued to sail under the Panamanian flag—so that profits could be held abroad, crews paid at sweated rates, and domestic taxation (for the civil war, be it understood) totally avoided.

This is typical of the whole of Greek business. Sheltered behind British bayonets in 1945, defended by a huge American-subsidised army in 1947-49, the Greek capitalist was happy to be a staunch patriot—what is called in Athens "a good national element." But ask him for his money—even to defend "Greek civilisation"—and he quietly fades away. If Greece is not to be a profiteer's paradise, with the Communists and all trouble-makers safely on Makronessos, then it is evidently thought better that one should follow one's money to Egypt or America.

Such is the economic nature of "the Greeks." And, from long acquaintance with this nature, there has emerged in British thinking here—and much more in American thinking—a sort of blind despair. This leads to the desire for a "strong" Government and induces normally sensible Anglo-Saxons to advance the weirdest remedies for a situation which seems so hopeless. No one can see an end to American subventions, since an end in all foreseeable circumstances could only provoke an immediate flight abroad of every unit of capital which could be shaken loose, and an economic crisis which nothing could then prevent from taking a political course. Understanding this, the Americans say that aid and guidance must continue for long years.

Being aware of this frame of mind in their

paymasters, "the Greeks" turn a deaf ear to appeals to their patriotism. Where their treasure is, there also is their heart; and for the most part their treasure, salted down in hard currencies, is not in Greece. "The Greeks," will govern Greece so long as they are properly paid and protected; it can only remain, after that, for the people of Greece themselves to take over.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Blackburn Is Booming

ON market day in Blackburn, more than a hundred open stalls cluster around the smart municipal market-hall in the centre of town. Piles of fruit and bolts of gaily-patterned cloth make splashes of colour between the tripe and trotter stalls. Behind counters stacked high with food and household goods, the stallholders drink countless jugs of tea and call across to each other and to passers-by. Coming upon the market suddenly, you could be forgiven for thinking that all rationing had been abolished, and that the townspeople were making the most of it. Good humour and good times are in the air. Shawl and clogs have given way to bright coats and fur boots. Blackburn is booming.

The people know it. I stopped to listen to an argument by one of the stalls. One woman was surrounded by five or six others, all talking at once. She had let drop a good word for the Tories and the others had turned on her. "Soup kitchens," said one; "they'll chuck 'ee back on t'dole," said another, wagging her finger; "my man was out for eight years." One after another they came back at her, driving home the contrast between Blackburn past and Blackburn present. In a town where even to-day half the employed workers are women, these women had themselves trudged round looking for jobs. "Better to queue for food than t'dole," said one, "and theer's not much of queueing now. First time in my days theer's been enough for all of us."

King Cotton ruled and ruined Blackburn. Hargreaves, Compton and Arkwright made it a centre of the Industrial Revolution. Even now, at Hogton Bottom, there is a mill worked by a water-wheel. At one time, half the population existed on the weaving mills, and this dependence on one trade made the town very vulnerable to fluctuations in the cotton market. In 1920, there were more than 100,000 looms; now there are only 30,000 in place and labour to run 24,000 of them.

When the cotton slump hit Blackburn, it had few defences. In 1931, there were more than 24,000 registered unemployed; thousands more were on short time; others were "under-employed," running two or three looms instead of the normal four; and many workers, ineligible for further benefits, did not even bother to sign on the Exchange. Thousands of people, especially the younger ones, drifted away from the town to look for work elsewhere—a drift that has been reversed in recent years. These figures, moreover, show that the Blackburn worker was out of work for years on end, with no hope of a job. And all this in a town of not much more than 100,000 people.

But times have changed. Fifteen years ago, the textile trades accounted for 63 per cent. of the town's workers. To-day, the percentage has fallen to 25. New industries have been established: Phillips have a radio and bulb factory; leather and chemical works have been set up; bottling plants, local government service and a variety of small firms have expanded. But the greatest increase has been in engineering, which now employs more than 8,000 workers, or more than the total membership of the Blackburn Weavers' Association, which was founded in 1854 and once had more than 20,000 members. True, many of these engineers are making textile machinery, and another cotton slump would hit them too. But cotton's grip on Blackburn has been loosened: in the 'thirties there were 156 mills and now there are 74.

With these changes in Blackburn's industrial pattern has come full employment. At the beginning of the year, there were less than 200 people out of work, and most of these were either between jobs or old and unskilled. There is a chronic labour shortage in the mills and in some other trades. Not only do you see the sign "Hands Wanted" at mill gates, but the companies advertise for workers, offering special inducements such as lower canteen prices, shopping hours, nurseries and social clubs. One mill, Roe Lee, has a placard outside: "Consistently Good Employment," and when Barbara Castle, one of the town's two Labour Members, quoted this to a packed local meeting as a comment on Labour's term of office, the audience responded with cheers.

For it is full employment that counts in Blackburn. Start a casual conversation with any worker and he comes to this in the first few sentences. Nothing else has made such an impact on him; certainly not rationing, foreign affairs or even housing—though 800 houses have been built, there is still a waiting list of about 4,000. In this town, too, the "housewife" is so often a worker herself, or has been one, that steady employment outweighs any petty housekeeping grievances.

The more you talk to the ordinary people of Blackburn—and they are an unusually friendly and cheerful set of folks—the stronger impression you get that here, at least, Labour has gained ground since 1945. The party organisation itself is in good shape and even now, before the campaign has got into its stride, Labour supporters are in a fighting mood. A series of meetings, arranged long before the election date was announced, have been packed out every night. Some, indeed, have been larger than meetings held in the same halls at the peak of the last election. This may be due, partly, to the popularity and to the conscientiousness of the Labour Members. But the type of question I have heard put by these audiences also shows a very high level of political interest.

Yet there is a technical problem. Blackburn, in the past, returned two Members on the same ballot. Now it has been split into two divisions, East and West, and the new boundary line puts the bulk of the Tory and Liberal vote into Blackburn West, which contains most of the better residential section. For some reason—they don't explain it convincingly—the Liberals are putting a candidate into Blackburn East, though their solitary councillor sits for a ward in West, where a good Liberal poll might seriously damage the chances of Ralph Assheton, who has moved from the old City of London constituency. The contest here, between Assheton and John Edwards, might be very close; in East, the Liberal is wasting his time. Blackburn is one of the twenty Lancashire constituencies which has voted for the winning side at the last four general elections, but the redistribution may very well affect this record, as in so many other divisions.

As in other Lancashire towns, there is a section of the working-class which votes Tory. Some of them own their own houses and vote as "property-owners"; some are great traditionalists, a common enough feeling in these old industrial areas, where mill owners still know the first names of their hands, and where the "families" are even now looked up to for leadership. But all that is going with the older generations. The cotton slump dealt a blow to the mill owners' prestige from which they never really recovered.

To-day, Blackburn has its problems. The introduction of automatic looms is one. "Re-deployment," the more efficient use of labour and equipment, is another. But nobody fights elections on such issues. A poster promises that "The Tories Will Clear Up The Mess." The Blackburn voter, looking at his town to-day, and remembering the past, can be forgiven if he asks: "What Mess?"

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Divided Germany

II. "H.O. WILL HAVE IT"

ON opening day the queue was well over half a mile long, outside the new department store at the Alexanderplatz. Inside there was such a crowd milling round the counters that at first I could barely get a glimpse of the pride-of-place exhibit—the D.K.W. car priced at 18,000 Ostmarks (£220). This was the biggest yet of the "free shops," and the fourth to be opened of East Berlin's new department stores. In the entire Soviet Zone—the *Deutsche Demokratische Republik*—there are over a hundred such stores and over a thousand smaller establishments catering for the consumer. They are one of the mainsprings of the new East German economy.

The *Handels-Organisation* ("H.O.") which looks after all this "free" marketing is the biggest of all the *volkseigene* ("people's own") enterprises, with a payroll of well over 32,000 employees and massive profits flowing into the coffers of the new *Wirtschafts-Ministerium*. There has been much sneering in the West about the incongruity of the "H.O." prices and the average Eastern pay packet, as well as about the shoddy quality of the goods offered. The incongruity exists, but is steadily lessening;

and, as for quality, that, too, is improving. Already a certain amount of luxury goods such as fur coats and lingerie are appearing in the bigger "H.O." stores—though one would still look in vain for the fine material and workmanship offered on the Kurfürstendamm.

Take brief-cases, always much in demand in Germany. Anywhere in the West to-day you can find the most luxurious specimens at prices varying from 50 to 100 Westmarks. You would not find such quality yet in any "H.O." store, but you would find an austerely solid leather case for 150 Ostmarks—equivalent, at the exchange rate of 6 : 1, to 25 Westmarks—a big economy to the Westerner. It is still true that to, say, a Western clerk that "H.O." brief-case means less than half a week's wage, whereas to his opposite number in the East it means more than a fortnight's earnings. Six months ago, however, the incongruity was much worse; six months hence it will be much less; and even now, in the higher Eastern income brackets, there is an increasing number of people who can afford that brief-case and then, to celebrate the acquisition, a lunch at a "H.O." restaurant for, say, 20 Ostmarks.

"Of course, we are fully aware of the incongruity between our prices and the lowest wages," said one of the top men in the "H.O." administration; "we are deeply conscious of it and we gnash our teeth when we see the very Westerners who sneer at us come here and snap up at bargain prices what our own poor folk can't possibly afford yet. We resent it, and yet we encourage it because it helps our economy. For, by offering attractive 'free' goods, we provide a growing incentive for our assiduous 'activists' to work still harder for more substantial bonuses."

I asked my informant if he used these arguments in public speeches. He admitted the need for many meetings of humble folk puzzled by their own difficulties and needing enlightenment about cause and effect of economic planning. I went to one meeting attended by many housewives who could obviously not afford that delicious and much publicised new line of the "H.O."—*Kuchenbrödtchen*—even after their reduction from 80 to 45 Pfennigs apiece. The speaker explained that, even if somebody else bought them, it must indirectly benefit the *Hausfrau*, since part of the profit from every *Kuchenbrödtchen* sold would be used to build a new factory where her own husband might find a better job, and another part of the profit would go to bring down taxation and prices all round.

The *Hausfrauen* present looked stolid and were not exactly talkative; but I had the impression that these arguments went down well, particularly the one about dropping "H.O." prices. This, after all, had been happening for over a year—flour down from M.10 in November '48, to M.3 in Nov. '49; sugar from M.16 to M.6; margarine from M.55 to M.18; and cheese from M.40 to M.15. As for clothes, women's stockings have been reduced from M.33 to M.8, a man's hat from M.75 to M.28, and a blanket from M.40 to M.14. The quality of clothing is still austere—to put it mildly—but it is improving, though not as fast as quantity. With all food except meat and fats expected to go off the ration this year, there seems to be little reason to doubt the optimistic Eastern forecast that, some time in 1951, the "free" prices of the "H.O." will have come down from their present "grey market" level to one more fairly related to Ostmark wage standards.

Eastern production is certainly increasing. The Minister of Economics, Herr Selbmann, who coined the word "*volkseigen*," is undoubtedly one of the strong men in Pieck's Cabinet and one of the most efficient. He is also one of the most taciturn. Output figures for the Soviet Zone as a whole are hard to come by; but I did get some concrete figures for East Berlin, where the net value of industrial production, including repair work, has risen from M.738 million in 1948 to M.884 million in 1949. Berlin's *Volkseigene Betriebe* (nationalised factories) are credited with a total annual profit of M.3 million; and, on the housing front, last year, 14,863 flats were restored, 1,150 new apartments built.

One of the *Volkseigene Betriebe*, the former Osram Works, has a counter-part in West Berlin. These two factories, both of which I visited, have one feature in common: the *volkseigene* as well as the capitalistic works were dug out of the rubble by a few score devoted men, managers and engineers, foremen and workers, who slaved day and night (and for many weeks without any wages) to clear the debris, build emergency sheds and to get hopelessly gutted and rusty machinery into running order. In the Eastern works, in July, 1946, there were 95 men; there are now over 2,100. In the West, where the complement to-day is 5,000 men, a visit to Osram is cosy and informal. In the East—this being the first occasion a Western journalist was admitted to a *Volkseigener Betrieb*—I was taken around by a cavalcade, including the *Kultur* representative and two of the T.U. representatives, who explained about the educative rather than bargaining task of a Trade Union man in a works owned by the workers themselves, or, at any rate, by the nation. I had already heard this line from the East Berlin T.U. Chief, while his opposite number in the West had sorrowfully informed me that the workers still in employment had to be advised to postpone their more than justified wage claims for another six months, so as not to drive their employers into bankruptcy.

Being in a *Volkseigener Betrieb* I wanted to meet some of the legendary *Aktivisten*, i.e., the exponents of the new German Stakhanov movement. The first I met was a young woman who told me with shining eyes that her reward had been a trip to Moscow. No doubt, she was thoroughly "political"; but she was very efficient, and very happy in the feeling that the people benefited from the result of her sweat and ingenuity. The next I met was an elderly woman, obviously unpolitically minded, but the very type that can't help doing the most reliable and efficient work wherever one puts her. Then came a man who had won several "activist" bonuses (from M. 50 to M. 150) because he just couldn't help tinkering with his machine and trying out new ideas. He was praised by my accompanying cavalcade, but he poo-poohed it all in typical Berlin slang.

Welfare organisations, East and West, are much the same, both doing their best in the way of crèches, first-aid, hospitalisation, pension funds, holidays, Christmas bonuses, libraries, concerts, outings, and so on. If I were asked whether a person wishing for a job in a bulb factory would be better off at the Eastern or at the Western Osram's, I should say that it depends largely on whether one gets emotional satisfaction out of working for the nation rather than a private employer. To promote such feeling, particularly among the young workers and apprentices, a good deal is being done in the East. It is, in fact, an educational and ideological problem, a question of politics rather than economics.

One last word about the two bulb factories' output. In the West one can buy any amount at about one Mark each. In fact, the shops are so crammed with them that they have begun to be a sales problem. But in the East the private consumer can't buy them at all. "Want to know why?" says the sneering Westerner; "all going to Uncle Joe." "Nonsense," says the Easterner, "none at all go to Russia. They just still happen to be in such short supply that they have to be allocated to offices on a strict rota. Very soon now, the supply will have caught up with the demand, and then everybody will be able to buy them at the 'H.O.' for an Ostmark rather than a Westmark." Whatever the truth about the ultimate consumer of last year's output of East-Osram bulbs, I have no doubts that, some time this year, "H.O. will have them".

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

(To be concluded.)

The Decline of Pawnbroking—II

PAWNBROKING in Europe began, nearly 1,000 years ago, as a purely benevolent activity of the Church (the *Mont de Piété*, or religious bank: Samuel Butler would have liked the name). Money was lent free of interest to the poor. The *Monts* failed with monotonous regularity until the Popes, despite vehement and prolonged objection from a priesthood that abhorred usury, authorised the charging of interest on the loans, and stilled all further criticism by threats of ex-communication.

The trade reached England with the Norman Conquest. For 200 years it was carried on here by Jewish moneylenders, who were treated with organised cruelty until Edward I's decree of banishment. Incidentally, most pawnbrokers to-day see an ominous significance in the fact that there is hardly a Jew to be found in the trade. Even its leading figures, doing the large-scale business which alone seems likely to survive, are mostly Non-conformists.

The Lombards, who succeeded the Jews, were no more popular; but they were more useful to the nobility. Their business was on a scale that could be euphemised as banking. They established themselves by a series of

grandiose transactions with hard-up monarchs, who pawned their crowns and jewels to pay for their amorous wars. Henry VI pawned one of the Crown jewels to pay for his wedding to Margaret of Anjou, who pawned her plate at Amiens to pay her fare to the wedding. In Spain, Queen Isabella more commendably pawned her jewels to pay for Columbus's expedition—a fact which has sometimes prompted the suggestion that the three brass balls should somehow be incorporated with the Stars and Stripes. In Queen Anne's reign, the "religious bank" enthusiasts started a secular affair which they called the "Charitable Corporation". It was modelled on the *Monts de Piété*, minus the State control.

It was a vast swindle; and the Parliamentary inquiry that followed its failure for £500,000 implicated more celebrities than last year's Lynskey Tribunal. Since then, every attempt to start a commodity-bank on the same lines has been howled down. The Bank of England's Charter empowers it to lend money on "plate and merchandise," and the Big Five are never loath to put their money out at 5 per cent. on tangible security; but to most people pawnbroking means the small shop with the three brass balls of the Lombards, lending sums up to £10. This alone is governed by the Pawnbrokers Act of 1872, which requires all pawnbrokers to take out a £7 10s. licence and controls their transactions with minute particularity.

A loan of over £10, even from a pawnbroker, is governed, more loosely, by the Moneylenders Act, 1927, which prescribes a maximum interest of 20 per cent. per annum (as compared with the 25 per cent. for lower pledges), necessitates an extra licence costing £15, and leaves the validity of the transaction to the Common Law. All moneylenders must have this licence, but if they do not happen to be pawnbrokers they can lawfully charge 48 per cent. This is presumably a concession to the greater hazards of lending on "paper security" only, but is flagrantly ignored by thousands of moneylenders who charge a penny in the shilling per week (433 per cent. per annum) for loans of a pound or two at a time. By comparison with the view it takes of moneylenders, the law bears heavily on pawnbrokers. How do they order these matters abroad?

The municipal pawnshops of Europe developed naturally with the transition of power from Church to State. Some countries still allow private pawnbroking side by side with the *Monts de Piété*; but the latter, charging only 6-10 per cent. and not over-worried about trading losses, must be formidable competitors. Even so, they pay over large sums to the hospitals, return pledged goods to the poor free of charge on occasions of public thanksgiving or distress (Budapest in 1932 released 3,000 overcoats because of the hard winter), and afford rich testators the altruistic pleasure of bequeathing large sums for the redemption of goods pawned by the embarrassingly poor.

Even the Government of Malta maintains a municipal pawnshop in Merchant Street, Valetta, under the control of the Secretary of State for the Colonies; and, because no Cabinet has ever proposed to abandon this scheme in favour of private usury, it has long done duty as a trump card in the argument for State-owned pawnshops.

The usual arguments for municipal pawning are as follows. It is a "wise policy of assistance to the poor." The profits on large transactions facilitate loans to smaller borrowers at unprofitable rates. The surplus is available for public purposes. Full reports are published annually. The pawnshops are run by public officials, who are not tempted to harbour stolen goods or to gain personal advantage in the disposal of forfeited pledges. Scientific methods are used in the disinfection and care of clothes. And money can be borrowed for development at lower rates than those available to private brokers—private investors regard State pawnshops as gilt-edged.

The usual answers are that, in the first instance, moneylending is not a "wise policy of assistance to the poor," however low the interest; that the European State pawnshops make niggardly loans (London, for this reason, has become the jewel pawnshop of Europe); that any temptation for private brokers to "harbour stolen property" is kept under control by the Larceny Acts, by police supervision, and by the well-known disposition of magistrates to say, when ordering pawnbrokers to give up (without compensation) stolen goods they have innocently received, "Oh, they can afford it"; that no one takes greater care of clothing (or any other pledge) than the pawnbroker whose living may depend on its fitness for sale; and that to finance, now, a State moneylending scheme for the poor by the issue of interest-bearing stock would be to discredit the social welfare work of a century. In Britain, by attacking poverty at the roots, we have achieved better results.

Inevitably, the municipal pawnshops of Europe come in for less angry abuse than our own sharp-eyed and self-reliant brokers. The feminist French refer affectionately to the *Crédit Municipal* in Paris as *Ma Tante*, and patronise her on an enormous scale—in 1930 she held 1,750,000 watches and 8,000 lorgnettes. She has one building with six miles of corridors and another with eight storeys for the sole accommodation of pawned motor vehicles.

True, she lends about 8s. where the English pawnbroker would lend £1; but in many cases the clients then pledge their tickets with private pawnbrokers who, though totally forbidden by law, charge 10 per cent. per month (120 per cent. per annum), and thrive because *Ma Tante* is so notoriously close-fisted. (In this country, unless you are a pawnbroker, you can quite lawfully buy someone else's pawnticket, and with it the right to redeem the pledge; but there is no profit in it. Indeed, it is risky. "Never, never buy a pawnticket," said several of my most experienced informants.) However, *Ma Tante* can be generous: recently, when an old lady whose cashmere shawl had been in pawn for thirty years called to make her 360th monthly interest payment, *Ma Tante* restored it to her free of charge—and was fêted in the cafés for a week.

The Germans cherished their pawnshops, too, in the glad free days of poverty under the Kaisers; even Bismarck's social security plans left them alone, but Hitler closed them as "having no right of existence in the new State." They are now creeping back in Western Germany, though there is no news of them from beyond the Curtain. Shanghai has, or had, more pawnshops than any other town in the world, beating Calcutta's 10,000 by a comfortable margin: before the "Liberation" it was common to see a coolie walk into a Shanghai pawnshop fully clothed and emerge wearing only his cotton pants and clutching a shilling. (Perhaps, under the *ancien régime*, he then bought a share in a sedan-chair. What will he do now?)

One can hardly doubt that private pawnbroking among the poor in this country was an unscrupulous business until it was so rigidly controlled by law; nor that, for some years thereafter, it was little less pernicious than the moneylending with which it compares so favourably to-day. Municipal pawnshops, which have been repeatedly proposed and rejected here, will not come now. The poor, rationalised into "lower-income-groups," have borrowed enough money to pay all their debts.

C. H. ROLPH

So They Say . . .

To secure maximum effect, electoral stunts are usually timed to take place at five minutes to the hour; if the trap is prematurely sprung, the victim is given too much opportunity to reply. It is, therefore, too soon yet to say confidently that this election will not have its Zinoviev letter or Savings scare. So far, in Conservative newspapers, the main feature of the campaign has been "headline politics," as illustrated below; but, for metropolitan consumption, an effort has already been made to exploit the feelings of disappointed people on Council housing lists.

On January 21 there appeared, with splash headlines in the Tory press, a report by a special committee of the Tory-controlled Wandsworth Borough Council alleging the improper allocation of flats (as the result of "pressure by Government departments") to, among others, Mr. Attlee's sister and two Labour M.P.s.

The two Labour members of the investigating committee disassociated themselves from the findings. They alleged that: (*a*) twenty cases were selected out of the thousands of allocations made; (*b*) conclusions were reached without hearing the persons concerned; and (*c*) that, as the allocations were made between 1945 and 1948, it was "a matter for strong comment" that the findings should have been "coincidental in time with an imminent general election."

The *Daily Telegraph*'s long and prominent story mentioned none of these points. The *Daily Herald* was the only paper to report nothing of the contents of either report, explaining that it "cannot give details . . . because they are not privileged in respect of the libel laws . . ."

Headline Politics

1.—HOUSES

Evening Standard, January 19:

SOCIALISTS THREATEN EVERY HOUSEOWNER

The Socialist Government, if returned at the General Election, intend to devise legislation to restrict profits on the sale of private houses. . . . The revelation of this secret Socialist aim . . . came in an answer given to a questioner by Sir Stafford Cripps . . .

News Chronicle, January 20:

HOUSE PRICE LIMIT "NOT PRACTICABLE"

The Government does not consider that legislation to control the price of houses . . . is practicable . . . this . . . is the true deduction to be drawn from a statement by Sir Stafford Cripps [that] "we have been looking to see if we could get legislation on the same basis as the rent control legislation, but it is a very difficult problem."

2.—LAND

Daily Express, January 18:

LAND TAKE-OVER FEARED

Farmers see in the Socialist Party's General Election Manifesto, published to-day, a hint that their land may be nationalised.

Reynold's News, January 22:

. . . the principle behind this proposal [for public ownership of "marginal land"] was one of the main provisions of the Agriculture Act passed by Parliament three years ago . . . prepared . . . after full consultation with all sides of the farming industry.

3.—TOBACCO

Evening Standard, January 20:

STATE TOBACCO? IT MIGHT MEAN THAT

If the Socialists return to power and mutualise the industrial life insurance companies, the way will be open for State interference in the affairs of practically every company of importance in the country . . . in many cases the Prudential, in particular, is by far the largest individual shareholder . . . the Prudential's holdings [include] 400,175 Imperial Tobacco shares. . . .

The Imperial Tobacco Company has issued 37,500,000 Ordinary shares. This fact the *Evening Standard* omitted to mention.

AUTOLYCUS

George Orwell

GEORGE ORWELL was the wintry conscience of a generation which in the 'thirties had heard the call to the rasher assumptions of political faith. He was a kind of saint and, in that character, more likely in politics to chasten his own side than the enemy. His instinctive choice of spiritual and physical discomfort, his habit of going his own way, looked like the crankishness which has often cropped up in the British character; if this were so, it was vagrant rather than puritan. He prided himself on seeing through the rackets, and on conveying the impression of living without the solace or even the need of a single illusion.

There can hardly have been a more belligerent and yet more pessimistic Socialist; indeed his Socialism became anarchism. In corrupt and ever worsening years, he always woke up one miserable hour earlier than anyone else and, suspecting something fishy in the site, broke camp and advanced alone to some tougher position in a bleaker place; and it had often happened that he had been the first to detect an unpleasant truth or to refuse a tempting hypocrisy. Conscience took the Anglo-Indian out of the Burma police, conscience sent the old Etonian among the down and outs in London and Paris, and the degraded victims of the Means Test or slum incompetence in Wigan; it drove him into the Spanish civil war and, inevitably, into one of it unpopular sects, and there Don Quixote saw the poker face of Communism. His was the guilty conscience of the educated and privileged man, one of that regular supply of brilliant recalcitrants which Eton has given us since the days of Fielding; and this conscience could be allayed only by taking upon itself the pain, the misery, the dinginess and the pathetic but hard vulgarities of a stale and hopeless period.

But all this makes only the severe half of George Orwell's character. There were two George Orwells even in name. I see a tall emaciated man with a face scored by the marks of physical suffering. There is the ironic grin of pain at the ends of kind lips, and an expression in the fine eyes that had something of the exalted and obstructive farsightedness one sees in the blind; an expression that will suddenly become gentle, lazily kind and gleaming with workmanlike humour. He would be jogged into remembering mad, comical and often tender things which his indignation had written off; rather like some military man taking time off from a private struggle with the War Office or society in general.

He was an expert in living on the bare necessities and a keen hand at making them barer. There was a sardonic suggestion that he could do this but you could not. He was a handyman. He liked the idea of a bench. I remember once being advised by him to go in for goat-keeping, partly I think because it was a sure road to trouble and semi-starvation; but as he set out the alluring disadvantages, it seemed to dawn on him that he was arguing for some country Arcadia, some Animal Farm, he had once known; goats began to look like escapism and, turning aside as we walked to buy some shag at a struggling Wellsian small trader's shop, he switched the subject sharply to the dangerous Fascist tendencies of the St. John's Wood Home Guard who were marching to imaginery battle under the Old School Tie.

As an Old School Tie himself, Orwell had varied one of its traditions and had "gone native" in his own country. It is often said that he knew nothing about the working classes, and indeed a certain self-righteousness in the respectable working class obviously repelled his independent mind. So many of his contemporaries had "gone native" in France; he redressed a balance. But he did know that sour, truculent, worrying, vulgar lower class England of people half "done down," commercially exploited, culturally degraded, lazy, feckless, mild and kind who had appeared in the novels of Dickens, were to show their heads again in Wells and now stood in danger of having the long Victorian decency knocked out of them by gangster politics.

By "the people" he did not mean what the politicians mean; but he saw, at least in his Socialist pamphlets, that it was they who would give English life of the future a raw, muddy but unmistakable and inescapable flavour. His masochism, indeed, extended to culture.

In a way, he deplored this. A classical education had given him a taste for the politician who can quote from Horace; and as was shown in the lovely passages of boyhood reminiscence in *Coming Up for Air*, his imagination was full only in the kind world he had known before 1914. Growing up turned him not exactly into a misanthrope—he was too good-natured and spirited for that—but into one who felt too painfully the ugly pressure of society upon private virtue and happiness. His own literary tastes were fixed—with a discernible trailing of the coat—in that boyish period: Bret Harte, Jules Verne, pioneering stuff, Kipling and boys' books. He wrote the best English appreciation of Dickens of our time. *Animal Farm* has become a favourite book for children. His Burmese novels, though poor in character, turn Kipling upside down. As a reporting pamphleteer, his fast, clear, grey prose carries its hard and sweeping satire perfectly.

He has gone; but in one sense, he always made this impression of the passing travellers who meets one on the station, points out that one is waiting for the wrong train and vanishes. His popularity, after *Animal Farm*, must have disturbed such a lone hand. In *1984*, alas, one can see that deadly pain, which had long been his subject, had seized him completely and obliged him to project a nightmare, as Wells had done in his last days, upon the future.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Arts and Entertainment

CONJURING TRICKS

MR. FRY'S second full-length comedy, with which Sir Laurence Olivier opens his management of the St. James's Theatre is, to be perfectly frank, a real mess. This does not mean that it is a failure on its own ground. Far from it. There is the same kind of enjoyment to be found at *Venus Observed* as there was at *The Lady's Not for Burning*. No less and no more. The same kind of verbal horse-play abounds. Mr. Fry's fertility appears undiminished: his language is distinctly less cluttered: there are fewer bad puns. Those for whom his peculiar use of language is a sufficient pleasure to sustain a whole evening will thoroughly enjoy themselves. Moreover, the play is delightfully mounted by Mr. Roger Furse, impeccably spoken throughout, and well acted on those very rare occasions when any acting is called for. But it remains, all the same, only an exercise in Mr. Fry's special brand of euphuistics. The question is whether this is enough.

The short-term answer would be that an enthusiastic audience evidently thought so, and Mr. Fry may well be rather puzzled at the coolness of the critical reception of his second play when it is really so little different in kind from his first. But there is a law of diminishing returns which applies to all shock tactics. Last time we were carried away by finding a dramatist, bold enough and fertile enough to rely for his success almost entirely on words. This time the feat in itself seems less astonishing. We are able to accept Mr. Fry's idiom quite easily from the first, and we want to know what he is going to do with it. By the end of *Venus Observed* we are

left still in doubt, for he has done even less with it in this play than in the last. He has a quite reckless disregard for structure. Yet comedy, if it is to be sustained, must develop out of either character or situation. Mr. Fry certainly invents situations out of which comedy might grow, but he seems incapable of taking them seriously enough for anything to grow out of them.

Consider his first act. The curtain rises on an amorous duke who is also an amateur of astronomy sitting with his son and his bailiff in a top bedroom which he has converted from his alcove into an observatory, with a large phallic telescope and a sliding roof. They are waiting to observe an eclipse of the sun; but they are waiting for other things, too: the bailiff (excellently characterised by Mr. George Relph), for the arrival of his long-lost daughter Perpetua: the duke and his son for the duke's three ex-mistresses. These three women have been invited, ostensibly to witness the eclipse, but actually it has been arranged that the son is to choose his mother from among them. It is to be a different kind of Judgment of Paris. A further complication is introduced in the discovery by the bailiff's priggish son that his father has been robbing the duke year by year. The women come in, one by one. While the son is hesitating between them, the eclipse begins, the stage darkens, and then, just as it begins to lighten, enter the bailiff's long-lost daughter, with whom both duke and son fall instantly in love.

This, it will be seen, is a good, well-stuffed first act, bristling with possibilities of development—on paper. But in fact, how wantonly Mr. Fry throws away all the chances. His Judgment of Paris theme seemed to me particularly fruitful. But as actually handled it was simply thrown away. The entries of each of the three mistresses were thoroughly ill-contrived. And, then, of the women themselves, only one was made anything of—a sort of ex-Gaiety girl (whose free and easy manner was splendidly caught by Miss Brenda de Bansey). The second was given a *raison d'être* but no character; the third was simply an irrelevancy. But, indeed, by the time he'd introduced them to us, Mr. Fry had evidently got bored with the whole notion. The son makes only the most perfunctory business of his choice. And the whole idea is dropped about a third of the way through the act, never to be referred to again, leaving us with two otiose women on our hands.

In so far as he can be said to develop anything Mr. Fry develops the less interesting idea. Duke and son in love with one girl. Girl tries to protect bailiff father by preferring duke to son, ex-mistress sets fire to the house. But it all seemed to me very half-hearted and fizzled feebly out in a third act that is an almost insultingly amateur tying up of knots that we have anyhow long since ceased caring about. The fact seems to be that Mr. Fry at the moment lacks either the wish or the capacity to engage us in people or in events. His sole interest in them seems to be to set them up in order to "score off them" verbally, and then to drop them flat.

It is certainly a tribute to Mr. Fry's exuberant playboy poetic talent that it can dazzle an audience into not feeling cheated by this treatment. Like a conjuror, Mr. Fry puts over such a powerful line of patter that he draws our eyes away from the deception he is practising on us. His patter, we must grant, is often very decorative. But it is a great weakness that it derives so little from what is going on in front of us. Instead of springing out of that, it is merely a sort of commentary woven round it. And the fact that what is going on in front of us matters so little to Mr. Fry, and consequently to us, further detracts from the interest of the commentary. Another weakness comes from too exclusive self-indulgence in verbal play. This produces many characteristically amusing lines like:

> I am no longer a woman after my own heart,

or

> A spade is never so much a mere spade as the word spade would imply,

or

> I seem to have come to the end of myself sooner than I expected.

But it must be said that his idea of a joke is often very elementary. His favourite stroke is the verbal equivalent of whisking a chair away suddenly from someone's behind just as they are going to sit down. This is a perfectly good kind of joke in moderation, and it always works; but it gets tiresome by repetition, and it is more amusing the younger you are. A present-day theatre audience is, through years of starvation, quite unused to verbal play of this sort (it is, so to speak, very young in this respect). And at the moment they are enjoying a new experience. But Mr. Fry would be wise, I think, not to count on their doing so indefinitely, any more than he can count on getting away much longer with his line of patter by itself.

In one respect *Venus Observed* is less successful than its predecesor: it gives a minimum of opportunity to the actors. Sir Laurence Olivier as the duke has a part that calls for nothing but an easy command and a negligent air. Sir Laurence supplies them both, of course; so, too, does Mr. Denholm Elliott as his son. Mr. George Relph has the only decent part of the evening and he snatches from it every opportunity. Miss Valerie Taylor does all that can be done with an impossible part, and Mr. Robert Beaumont looks as if, given something comic to do, he might do it very well.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Lumière d'Eté," at the Everyman

"Le Roi," at the Rialto

"Lost Boundaries," at the Carlton

At the Everyman, the top-lying and by far the highest-flying of our London repertory cinemas, Jean Grémillon's *Lumière d'Eté* receives its eight-years-delayed première, and we are invited to look forward to a new film by Jean Renoir. The years have dealt not unkindly with Grémillon's piece; if its theme of decadence lacks the hatred of *La Corbeau* and the solid humours of *Goupi Mains Rouges* (films out of the years 1942-3), it is sustained by a poetry foreign to either, though much copied since. The winding mountain road, the loneliness of the heights, the hotel with its sun-parlour and its unhappily gathered eccentrics, the advertised "peace and quiet" broken by blastings from an enormous dam in construction, and the chateau where, on the edge of climax, they all go to dance in costumes of an earlier time: defeat seems to have crystallised these images, and they still fix the attention.

Light and dark, under Grémillon's touch, have a remarkable force; and on the sun-enhanced terrace we find black despair, while the harsh, jutting machinery in the valley accomplishes its new life. Not that there's any restricting fable: the pictures compel lightly or moodily, that is all. Flaherty in his *Louisiana Story* must have drawn inspiration from these detailed beauties of the machine attacking Nature.

The script is Jacques Prévert's. (Another example of his work can be seen in *Les Amants de Vérone*.) He creates poetic ideas, and to him must be accounted the visual *possibilities* opened out here. A curious insubstantial brilliance clings about nearly all his films; between the poetic idea and the melodramatic working-out he gives a quick twirl to the kaleidoscope of emotions, situations, and fantasies with which his head

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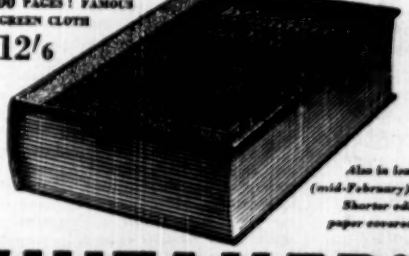

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seems stuffed. Vivid figures whirl out, there's a dazzling interplay, and the whole romantic-sinister thing works out easy as winking. But where, in this reshuffle, is the humanity? As usual, in *Lumière d'Eté* the characters have an artificial growth. They act—and how admirably as the mountain exiles Pierre Bresseur, Madeleine Renaud, and Madeleine Robinson do that! They can make us feel; but what we feel is never quite themselves. Hence the unsatisfying but by no means empty memory with which we come away from the Everyman: luckily, the realisation of this film has been such as to make the failure an experience.

Le Roi revives that tale of a royal visit to Paris, of trade-treaties and boudoirs, in which Raimu once winningly ogled his way. The part is now taken, no less irresistibly, by Maurice Chevalier, wearing middle-age with a very different air. His plump coruscation combines regality and the musical-comedy strut in quite faultless style, and about him he has in Sophie Desmarets and Annie Ducaux two contrasting, rare charmers. This Spring tale, directed now by Marc-Gilbert Sauvagon, seems to me as funny as ever it was; and also in the Rialto programme will be found a cartoon, not Disney's, that makes us laugh more than Disney has of late.

One reason, no doubt, why *Lost Boundaries* (directed by Alfred Werker) disappoints a little is that it arrives third in a row of films about the American Negro, and doesn't take advantage of the fact to push further. However, despite a slow-moving caution, the film has considerable merits; its educated Negroes take us into a community of which hitherto the screen has divulged nothing; a New Hampshire town has been prettily caught; and the story of the doctor passing as white, whose children have suddenly to bear the brunt of exposure, seems two-thirds true and then much too good to be so. An oddly padded plea, to come from a producer, Louis de Rochemont, who has made his way by stark realism!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

I HAVE been having condenser-trouble—not merely of the sort that a writer of 650 words on the week's radio must necessarily experience, but also in the bowels of my machine. Switching on one evening last week, I supposed that final dissolution had set in. It turned out, however, that I had merely hit upon a gaggle of Ludwig Koch's white-fronted geese, and presently this faded into the tones of Dr. Koch himself, whom I found altogether more charming than his birds. Lady, said Coleridge sadly, we receive but what we give. And this is surely true of singing birds.

Radio is indeed a blind medium, but those programmes are rarely successful in which the fact is obtruded upon us. Mere sounds, if they are to touch the imagination or engage a rational interest, require, to put it mildly, a higher degree of organisation than this feature aspired to. If Dr. Koch delighted me, it was because there distilled itself from his accents an engaging visual image of the patient haunter of the hedgerows at work. That I should see Dr. Koch as he is, is clearly unnecessary to my pleasure here, since I am addressing myself to the more philosophical task of seeing him as he ought to be. The state of the case is very different with the Piddingtons. Of all entertainments unsuited to hypothetical reconstruction by the inward eye surely any form of conjuring is the most extreme. Lesley descending in a diving bell into some monstrous tank in one corner of London I was quite prepared to take on trust, being tolerably convinced that there descended with her everything necessary to the success of her experiment. But when her husband in another corner proceeded to prowl among a studio audience in order to coax into existence a set of figures determining the line in Monypenny and Buckle that should be transmitted, I felt about as satisfied as a scientist invited to investigate physical mediumship in a totally dark room.

Where, in this context, must we place the attempt to discuss specific works of plastic art? Glyn Daniel's talk, recently repeated, on the cave paintings of Lascaux admirably instanced the bounds within which success may be achieved. The uprooted tree and the cavity beneath, the vanished dog and the intrepid French boy who went after it, the silent chamber, untrodden through millenniums, with its subsidiary galleries and recesses, the great frieze-like procession of pregnant animals on their varying scales, the bird-headed man and, hard by, the bird on its pole: all this constituted an effective lure to the visual imagination working in generic terms; and from this task the mind, before it could be fatigued, was tactfully led away to historical and anthropological considerations.

Another notable success, and one far more complex, was the finely blended appeal to the auditory and visual imaginations achieved in John Lehmann's "argument of yesterday and tomorrow," *The House*. A contribution to the series *The Inward Eye*, this reminiscent poem for several voices achieved a steadily mounting but controlled emotion expressed at times with a consummate sense of the medium of radio. It is a medium, incidentally, of which Ibsen in the eighteen-seventies was already mysteriously free. *A Doll's House* might have been written for broadcasting—by a dramatist, unfortunately, incomparably more powerful than anyone likely to engage in the craft in the nineteen-fifties.

MICHAEL INNES

"Madam Butterfly," at Covent Garden

Cute magazine story into theatrical hit; theatrical hit into the world's most popular opera: such has been the swift and dazzling ascent of *Madam Butterfly*. Two things are necessary, if the audience is to be lulled into forgetfulness of her crude origins: a plausible visual surface, and full-blooded beauty of tone. At Covent Garden, the eye is handsomely served. Sophie Fedorovitch has designed a set of airy elegance, with Cio-Cio-San's bungalow surrounded by an unpractical but comely group of tall lattice supports for her copious cherry-blossom. Dresses good; lighting eccentric (dawn or dusk every few minutes). Robert Helpmann produced with care, imagination, and, above all, with tact; absurdities were neatly side-tracked, though Butterfly must shed her hat, and make some real holes in the partition to peer through; at present we leave the little party staring at the inside of a door, like a group of stupid dogs. Kenneth Neate was the most credible Pinkerton within recent memory—a gauche, cocky boy not long out of Annapolis; and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf the prettiest of geishas, inclined to be arch at first, but truly pathetic in the later scenes. Musically, the performance was careful but unexciting; both in the orchestra and on the stage, there was a lack of generous, vibrant, heart-warming and theatre-filling sound—without which Puccini's score can easily sound thin. An exception was the Suzuki of Monica Sinclair; and the minor parts were in general well done. But the truth is that *Madam Butterfly*, more than any other Puccini opera, is a one-part work, for which the first requisite is a soprano capable of a soaring, thrilling intensity of tone, as well as a pathetic simplicity. Mme Schwarzkopf sang the part well—but, so to speak, from the outside.

Jean Mercure, at the Torch

Monsieur Mercure's entertainment is the kind of *attraction* now to be found in the existentialist *boîtes* in Paris. To a piano accompaniment he half-sings, half-recites poems of his own, and by Henri Michaud, Laforgue, Aragon and Claudel. He has a mournful face, very expressive hands and a general air of pathos which well suits the witty sadness of most of the poems. In Laforgue's *Excuse macabre* the pathos is exquisite as a lover laments the death of the girl he has loved while he holds her skull in his hands and imagines the beauty which has once covered it; but the Symbolists could not resist turning on their romanticism in the end, and the pathos is destroyed by the thought that no sadness can last and the skull can always be sold as an anatomical specimen. It is a pity that London couldn't give Monsieur Mercure just the right ambience for his charming talent—a theatre doesn't give him the informality he needs.

Edinburgh Tapestries, at the Arts Council

In order to revive the craft of tapestry and at the same time glorify his family and decorate his great houses, the late Marquis of Bute founded the Dovecote Studios. Some forty years ago he commissioned Frank Brangwyn and other such artists to make designs: the resulting tapestries, if seldom æsthetically pleasing, were always beautifully made, in the vigorous native tradition of tapestry-making which stretches back through the Merton Abbey studios of William Morris to the Soho weavers of the eighteenth century and the earlier Mortlake factory. In 1946 the Dovecote Studios reopened on a commercial basis as the Edinburgh Tapestry Company: six of their recent panels are now on view at the Arts Council, together with thirteen cartoons. Most of the younger artists commissioned have turned to Lurçat and the French Contemporary Designers for their inspiration. Louis le Brocquy's *Woman and Child*, with its spikey Lurçatesque motifs, is the most successful tapestry of all in terms of the medium, though inferior as a design to Graham Sutherland's mauve and yellow *Birds*, a typical decorative Sutherland, but only metamorphosed into a tapestry by the border that frames it. Stanley Spencer has also contributed a characteristically mannered work, *The Gardener*, but what has this to do with tapestry? Cecil Collins has more understanding of technical requirements; his inane Gothicery, however, is a hideous piece of decoration. Among the cartoons, Cecil Beaton's designs for chair covers—variegated tulips and bulbs on a chequered background—are excellent. Most surprisingly they echo Sutherland and are far more suitable than Vanessa Bell's *Flower Panel* which belongs to the easel rather than the loom. Given an even more careful choice of designs to show off impeccable craftsmanship and individual native effects, such as the pleasant tweedy look which the special Cheviot wool produces, there seems no reason why a renaissance in tapestry should have an entirely French provenance.

Correspondence

WHO DIVIDED EUROPE?

SIR,—Mr. Zilliacus is correct in saying that the Russians feared—and rightly, as he adds—that American domination would result from the British and French proposals made in Paris following the Harvard speech of General Marshall. While criticising the British Government for failing to propose that post-Unrra aid should come under the authority of the United Nations—through the Economic Commission for Europe—he states that this may be explained, though not excused, by the failure of the Russians to do so either.

Mr. Zilliacus' memory is slipping almost as much as Critic's, who started this story about the Russians having made a mistake in walking out on Europe at the Paris Conference. In his very first statement at Paris on June 28th, 1947 (see Molotov's *Collected Speeches*, page 464), Mr. Molotov, in defining the agenda and tasks for the Conference, laid down under the heading of "Methods for the consideration of applications of European countries in respect of American economic aid" the sub-heading "*Relations with the European Economic Commission.*"

I know nothing whatever of the "vigorous representations" which Mr. Zilliacus says were made by the Poles to the Russians for their support of E.C.E., of which he says the Russians were suspicious. I do know something, however, of the vigorous representations made by Mr. La Guardia and Commander Jackson of Unrra to the British and U.S. Governments in the unavailing attempt to persuade them, first, not to kill Unrra before the second task of rehabilitation was barely begun, and when this failed, to agree to putting post-Unrra aid into the hands of the United Nations. Mr. La Guardia had full assurances from Mr. Stalin regarding Russia's participation in Uno-controlled post-Unrra aid. He got no such assurances from the F.O. or from the State Department, which was by then cancelling the delivery of rehabilitation supplies to Eastern Europe under the Unrra programmes.

General Marshall's proposals, so enthusiastically welcomed by Mr. Bevin and M. Bidault, were in direct contradiction of the United Nations principle in the control of relief and rehabilitation, which the Allies had accepted during the war and to which the Russian and Eastern European Governments remained true. It is time that this myth that the Russians walked out on Europe was exploded. It was Mr. Bevin who had that doubtful honour and with it that of walking out of the United Nations and into the arms of the United States in the whole field of economic co-operation. MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN

"The Live and Let Live,"
Dedham, Essex.

DUTCH DIARY

SIR,—As a British resident in Holland I was naturally interested in Critic's "Dutch Diary"; what is more, I found it extremely accurate both in its diagnosis and in the facts on which this diagnosis was based.

I feel, however, that Critic must have been singularly unfortunate in his encounters with tram conductors. Of taxi drivers I will say nothing; where on this earth will you find taxi drivers who have not brought that slow fumbling for change to a fine art? But I have never experienced anything but courtesy from tram and bus conductors, and have certainly never been overcharged. Does Critic perhaps not realise that fares went up on January 1st?

Next time he comes to Holland Critic would do well to procure for himself an "8-rittenkaart," a multiple ticket costing a guilder and valid for 8 tram or bus journeys of any length within the municipal limits (I am speaking now of the Hague, but similar arrangements are in force in Amsterdam and no doubt in many other cities—though not in Rotterdam). Besides being cheaper in the long run (8 single journeys would cost fls 1.20), all subsequent language difficulties are avoided.

In my experience the Dutch are less inclined to expect to "keep the change" than many other nationalities. The principal offenders are the cinema commissionaires who stand by the box office and expect to be tipped for acting as "middle-men" between the patron and the girl cashier. But even they are not insistent. D. F. BYRNES

The Hague.

SIR,—Though I do not live among highbrows, I understand what the Frenchman meant when he said that England reminded him of a village grocer-shop.

The rows of three-storey houses, badly in want of paint, and unnaturally dirty; the children in navy-blue uniforms, walking quietly to school, like small model adults; the medium-sized bakers' shops full of a delightful variety of dry cakes, leathery cakes and soapy cakes; the buses running occasionally from village to village; the carved seashore, mile after mile of rocks and sand running up into more rocks—all this is exactly as a journalist would build a world for writing-time. Some prejudiced mind has cast a layer of dust over everything: the roofs and pavements are as dreary as the front steps.

This is the perfect bourgeois world. One cannot associate it with wit, culture or even thought. It is uncomfortable, kindly, slow-moving, unimaginative and perfectly conventional. I can think of no other country where the political theory is so far ahead of the feudal hierarchies in the country; where Socialism is as solidly bourgeois as Liberalism in other countries; where press-reporters, full of anti-capitalistic zeal, happily write propaganda reports about countries of which they know nothing more than any passing stranger. TH. BLOM

SIR,—We think it well that Critic does not "overemphasise the surely significant little fact that . . . tram conductors sometimes touch their caps and stick to a penny or two above the fares," as a disturbing symptom of the effects of the World Revolution on present-day Dutch life—because this custom dates back to the earliest days of public transport in Holland. Before the war, a Dutch friend of ours on a visit to London tipped a bus conductor with a ha'penny. That puzzled man, demonstrating the true insecurity beneath the deceptive veneer of public well-being, gratefully pocketed the gratuity.

ARNOLD & LOUIS VAN PRAAG

9 Bellmoor,
N.W.3.

NEW ZEALAND ELECTION

SIR,—You may be interested to know that part of the comment, in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, on the New Zealand and Australian elections has been cabled to this country, including the statement that there was no positive content in the Socialism of Mr. Fraser and Mr. Chifley, and that they lacked faith in it. Mr. Fraser has described the comment as "uninformed," and quotes his colleagues as calling the article "just tripe." To anyone less partial than Mr. Fraser, your commentator would appear to have spoken truly on the first point at any rate. There certainly was no urge to Socialism in the programme of the New Zealand Labour Party, but that is nothing new. The Labour Party never has talked Socialism at election time. Even if they had on this occasion, even if they had come forward with a dynamic programme instead of a static one, it is not likely that Labour would have won the election. It was lost, as practically all elections are won or lost, by the swing over in the floating vote, and the reason why these voters swung over to the National Party was because the Labour Government had made Socialism so unattractive to them that they wanted no more of it.

One of the Labour candidates described the National Party as "clinging to an outworn creed." That may be so, but a majority of the people of New Zealand preferred that creed to the kind of Socialism that the Labour Party tried to impose on them. But why should "Socialism" mean "State control"? It should be possible for a freedom-loving people to work out something better—perhaps a system of nationally-owned but self-governing enterprises, working to a loose and flexible plan instead of a rigidly controlled centralised one, with a minimum of State interference, and a maximum of individual freedom of action. That is the only kind

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ARCHBISHOP LANG

SIR,—I cannot but think that Professor Mackinnon does Lang an injustice in his review of Lockhart's biography. Why concentrate so much on the snobbery? It is too obvious, too easy game. Lang found interesting people more interesting than uninteresting ones. Isn't that very natural and understandable? Oughtn't we to be grateful, in the grey mediocrity which Professor Mackinnon himself deplores, for a few bright and burgeoning begonias to add colour to the dreary landscape?

Isn't the ritual condemnation of snobbery itself a piece of boring conventionalism? Why should we be expected to assent to it, and react sheepishly all in the same way about it? Aren't we thereby imposing yet one more inhibition on the gaiety and diverseness of life? I like some forms of snobbery and derive amusement and profit from them: I hope I share them. (So would other people if they were not too frightened to say so. And what about Proust or Henry James or Shakespeare or Walter Scott anyway?) There must be a great deal to be said for snobbery. I wish Chesterton or Robert Lynd were alive to say it.

Paralysed by such conventional inhibitions, reviewers have shown themselves totally incapable of grasping a complex and remarkable personality like Lang's. Grey and mediocre themselves, they fail to realise that Lang was essentially a romantic, with an artist's temperament. Not for nothing, I used to think, was he a cousin of Matheson Lang the actor. What was wrong with that? Or with his expecting due deference to his office from the ordinands at Cuddesdon? Wasn't that right and proper? I don't suppose they minded. In fact, Lang was always extremely nice to young men. Wasn't that very natural and engaging of him?

I have not the advantage of sharing Professor Mackinnon's belief in the Christian faith. He recognises Lang's inner struggle and his real humility. I should have thought one might be a little more humble oneself about judging such a gifted and complex character—and then one might arrive at understanding and interpreting it a great deal better. I should like to carry Professor Mackinnon's agreement with me about this. A. L. ROWSE

Oxford.

A QUESTION OF INSPIRATION

SIR,—The correspondence in your issue of January 21st about the "twin" poems is indeed fascinating. It seems that the question is not, perhaps, one of "inspiration" but of one of those inexplicable black-outs of memory. For anyone who is familiar with the work of these two poets must surely see that the poem in dispute is a particularly typical Dyment (he has quite a distinctive "voice," surely?) and that in style it is not a bit like Miss Sackville-West's usual (and also recognisable) manner. I am completely convinced that Miss Sackville-West *did* write a poem on a similar subject, but was it really *this* poem—in an idiom so very unlike her own?

I suggest that this is not a case for a Piddington, but for a Poirot. *What really happened?* A reconstruction might be: In January, 1943, Miss Sackville-West reads Dyment's poem in the *St. Martin's Review*; she likes it, and makes a rough copy of it which she puts away amongst her papers and forgets about. In 1944, when the poem reappears in *The Axe in the Wood*, she does not "recognise her own work" *because it is not her own work* but simply a poem that, once again, appeals to her. But in 1949 she does recognise it because, in the meantime, she has, in all good faith, published it believing it to be her own—she finds the copy amongst her MSS., the theme has always meant something special for her, she not unnaturally assumes that here is something she had written several years previously.

I think our Poirot would ask (1) Does Mademoiselle definitely remember the act of composition of this particular poem—the picture in her mind, the search for the exact phrase, the battle (perhaps) with the very peculiar metre; (2) What was the exact date when she quoted the poem in a letter to a friend (*i.e.* how long after January 1948) and (3) did she actually tell this friend that it was her *own* poem, or just *a* poem that might interest her? Surely Mademoiselle should search for that poem, connected with St. Thérèse, that she really did write? It seems incredible that this should be almost exactly the same as Dyment's rather individual piece. One must point out that his *first* version is practically identical with *The Novice to her Lover!* There may be cases where poets have, unconsciously, produced identical lines, or even the odd verse—but a whole poem? *Incroyable!* A. C. BOYD

London, W.11.

SIR,—Is it possible that something like this occurred? Miss Sackville-West read Mr. Dyment's poem early in 1943 in the *St. Martin's Review*; read it quickly, once only, meeting it perhaps in someone else's house, anyway on some occasion when she had little time to give it; and did not again see it. It impressed her *profoundly*, but it did not impress her *superficially*. Therefore, when it came to her a little later, apparently as inspiration, her consciousness did not recognise it.

This is certainly something that happens in the case of a line or two of a poem, and of the rhythm of a poem; so it seems possible, although it must I should suppose be exceedingly rare, for a whole poem to be thus "received." I note that Miss Sackville-West never typed this poem, and gather that she means that she did not at any stage "work it out" on a typewriter—and I am inclined to think that this fact would add to the possibility of what I have suggested. For there is the added circumstance to consider, that she did not recognise this poem in 1944 when she read it again, in Mr. Dyment's volume of poems; which is understandable if the poem had *never* until then been dragged up clear of her unconscious mind into her conscious mind. (Handwritten work, in my experience, can remain largely "unconscious"; typewritten, not.)

In 1949, however, she at once recognised the poem when she read it in Mr. Dyment's book, because not very long before she had found that poem amongst her own work and had sent *it* (presumably copied, perhaps typed) to the *Poetry Review*, and probably read it when printed there.

All this is merely a suggestion, and there may of course be things of which I do not know, which rule it out. I doubt the Acolian harp explanation, not because I believe that what Coleridge put forward as a possibility is impossible but because I should have said that there was much evidence *for* Coleridge's suggestion, but that the "diverse frames" of the harps produced inevitably diverse "workings out" even though the "intellectual breeze" felt be one and the same. The similarity in working out of Mr. Dyment's and Miss Sackville-West's poems is, on the contrary, quite extraordinary.

Upton Cross, FRANCIS BELLERBY
Cornwall.

SIR,—In Yeats's Introduction to *A Vision* (1937) he describes the automatic writing he took down at the dictation of "the communicators" (who spoke to him through his wife).

When in 1926 the English translation of Spengler's book came out, some weeks after *A Vision* [first published by Werner Laurie in 1925], I found that not only were dates that I had been given the same as his, but whole metaphors and symbols that had seemed my work alone. Both he and I had symbolised a difference between Greek and Roman thought by comparing the blank or painted eyes of Greek statues with the pierced eyeballs of the Roman statues, both had described as an illustration of Roman character the naturalistic portrait head's screwed on to stock bodies, both had found the same meaning in the round bird-like eyes of Byzantine sculpture, though he or his translator had preferred "staring at infinity" to my "staring at miracle." I knew of no common source, no link between him and me, unless through

The elemental things that go
About my table to and fro. J. A. S.

SIR,—In connection with this interesting question I should like to draw your attention to the curious similarity of inspiration between a poem by Wordsworth and some verses of my own.

I enclose copies of the two poems herewith. My poem, *Glow-Worm Light* was written on June 3rd, 1944, and published in my first book of poems, *Flowing Water* (Falcon Press, 1946). Only in 1949 was my attention drawn to Wordsworth's *The Glow-Worm*—a poem entirely new to me and which does not appear in any anthology or copy of Wordsworth's poems in my possession.

Furthermore, *Glow-Worm Light* was written seven months before I first read Shakespeare's *King Lear* and came across ". . . and the small gilded fly does lecher in my sight" (Act IV, Sc. vi, 11.114-5).

Pendley Manor, Tring. PATRIC STEVENSON

THE VILLAGE

SIR,—If Mr. Nigel Harvey would read the Economic History Journal for 1927 he would discover that the enclosures did not reduce "the land-occupying peasantry to landless labourers." Between 1780 and 1832, according to the researches of Mr. Davies, the small occupying owners increased.

It is also incorrect to say that "the great depression struck at . . . agriculture, lowering the standards . . . of landlord, farmer and labourer." During this depression the labourers' real wages increased. Agriculture is not all corn-growing. The cheap foreign corn was a godsend to pastoral, poultry and dairy farming. They flourished as never before.

STEPHEN SCHOFIELD

W. H. HUDSON

SIR,—I am writing a life of W. Hudson, the naturalist, and should be most grateful if anyone who has letters or information which might be of interest would write to me. Any such letters would be treated with great care and returned immediately.

RUTH TOMALIN

80 Bedhampton Road, Bedhampton, Hants.

A Schweppigram
Is a sort of epigram
Not at all solemn
Look in this column

Schweppigram No 6

Shall schweppervescence
last the whole year through?
On bubbles reputations
have been hung:
Let nothing worth our
wit or comment go
Unschwepped, unhonoured
and unsung.

schweppervescence lasts
the whole drink through

Books in General

THERE had always been—let us face it—a suspicion of vulgarity about the Old Master. Just as the tiny colloquialism was sometimes hidden unnoticeably away in the intricate convolutions of his sentences, so one was sometimes fleetingly aware of small clouds—difficult to detach in the bland wide sunlit air of his later world—of something closely akin to the vulgar. Was it sometimes his aesthetic approach to the human problem, his use of the word "beautiful" in connection with an emotional situation? Was it sometimes a touch of aesthetic exclusiveness as in the reference to Poynton and its treasures, "there were places much grander and richer, but no such complete work of art, nothing that would appeal so to those really informed"? Was it sometimes a hidden craving for the mere treasures themselves, for the cash value? We know how in the last story printed in his lifetime Henry James drew the picture of a returned expatriate who is haunted by the ghost of the man he would have been if he had stayed in America, "evil, odious, blatant, vulgar," but successful, how successful with his million dollars a year. We must do James justice. He would not have altered a sentence of a novel or a story for the sake of popularity or monetary reward, but the craving was there, disguised by references to financial problems that did not really exist—his private income was adequate, even comfortable. But if only, it surely occurred to him, there were some literary Tom Tiddler's ground he could enter as a stranger where he would not be compromised if observed in the act of stooping to pick up the gold and silver; in that case he was ready for a while to put integrity in the drawer and turn the key. Fate was kind to him: other artists have had the same intention and have been caught by success. James found neither cash nor credit on the stage and returned enriched by his failure.

Of course it would be wrong to suggest that the appeal of the theatre to James was purely commercial. He was challenged, as any artist, by a new method of expression; the pride and interest in attempting the difficult and the new possessed him. He wrote to his brother:

> I feel at last as if I had found my *real* form, which I am capable of carrying far, and for which the pale little art of fiction, as I have practised it, has been, for me, but a limited and restricted substitute. The strange thing is that I always, universally, knew *this* was my more characteristic form—but was kept away from it by a half-modest, half-exaggerated sense of the difficulty (that is, I mean the practical odiousness) of the conditions. But now that I have accepted them and met them, I see that one isn't at all, needfully, their victim, but *is*, from the moment one *is* anything, one's self, worth speaking of, their *master*: and may use them, command them, squeeze them, lift them up and better them. As for the form *itself*, its honor and inspiration are (*à défaut d'autres*) in its difficulty. If it were easy to write a good play I couldn't and wouldn't think of it; but it is in fact damnably hard (to this truth the paucity of the article—in the English-speaking world—testifies), and that constitutes a solid respectability—guarantees one's *intellectual* self-respect.

But even in this mood is not the self-respect a little too underlined, the protest purposely loud to drown another note, which was to be repeated again and again? "I am very impatient to get to work writing for the stage—a project I have long had. I am . . . . certain I should succeed and it would be an open gate to money making," and later he turned with some ignobility on Wilde, when *The Importance of Being Ernest* had followed his own catastrophic failure *Guy Domville* at the St. James's Theatre: "There is nothing fortunately so dead as a dead play—unless it be sometimes a living one. Oscar Wilde's farce . . . is, I believe, a great success—and with his two roaring successes running now at once he must be raking in the profits." The ring of the counter is in the phrase.

Until Mr. Edel published this huge volume* (over 800 pages, the greater part in double column) we had no idea how completely James had failed. The two volumes of *Theatricals* published in his lifetime were slight affairs. The theatre of his time was so bad, we had wondered whether it was not possible that his contemporaries had simply failed to recognise his genius as a playwright. We knew the sad story of the production of *Guy Domville*, the successful first act, the laughter in the second, the storm of catcalls at the close; we had heard how the critics had defended it, how the prose was praised by the young Bernard Shaw, and yet there existed, as far as one could discover, only a typewritten copy lodged in the Lord Chamberlain's office. Yes, one had expectations and excitement. Now the picture has been filled in, and reading the deplorable results of "the theatrical years" we need to bear always in mind James's recovery. This is unmistakably trash, but it is not the end of a great writer: out of the experience and failure with another technique came the three great novels *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Ambassadors*, *The Golden Bowl*. He was never so much of a dramatist as when he had ceased to have theatrical ambitions.

Mr. Edel has done a magnificent editorial work. Why should the word "painstaking" carry implications of dullness? Here every pain has been taken and every pain has had its reward. Each play has a separate factual preface of extreme readability: particularly fascinating is the long preface to *Guy Domville* which traces the disastrous first night almost hour by hour: the early afternoon when two unknown ladies sent a telegram from Sloane Street Post Office to George Alexander, "With hearty wishes for a complete failure"; James sitting in the Haymarket listening to Wilde's epigrams and unaware of the applause at the first curtain; the disastrous laughable hat in the second act; the first mutter from the gallery in the third, when Alexander began to deliver the speech, "I am the last, my lord, of the Domvilles," to be answered, "It's a bloody good thing y'are"; the pandemonium at the close when this too sensitive author, who had anticipated failure but not this savage public execration, was flung helplessly into the turmoil from the peace of the night in St. James's Square and fled into the wings his face "green with dismay"; the grim first night supper party which took place "as arranged."

It is easier now to understand the public than the critics, who were perhaps influenced by horror of the Roman holiday. H. G. Wells found the play "finely conceived and beautifully written": Shaw wrote "line after line comes with such a delicate turn and fall that I unhesitatingly challenge any of our popular dramatists to write a scene in verse with half the beauty of Mr. James's prose. . . . . *Guy Domville* is a story and not a mere situation hung out on a gallows of plot. And it is a story of fine sentiment and delicate manners, with an entirely worthy and touching ending." To us to-day the story of *Guy Domville* seems singularly unconvincing, one more example of the not always fortunate fascination exercised on James by the Christian faith and by Catholicism in particular. It stands beside *The Altar of the Dead* and *The Great Good Place*, as an example of how completely James could miss the point. Mr. Edel writes truly of James's interest in Catholicism being mainly an interest in a refuge and a retreat; when James wrote in that mood from the outside he conveyed a genuine and moving sense of nostalgia. One remembers in *The Ambassadors* Strether entering Notre Dame.

> He was able . . . to drop his problem at the door very much as if it had been the copper piece that he deposited, on the threshold, in the receptacle of the inveterate blind beggar. . . . This form of sacrifice did at any rate for the occasion as well as another; it made him quite sufficiently understand how, within the precinct, for the real refugee, the things of the world could fall into abeyance.

But in *Guy Domville* he was rashly attempting to convey the sense of Catholicism from within: his characters are Catholics, his hero a young man brought up to become a priest. Domville is on the eve of leaving England to enter a seminary when he becomes heir to a fortune and estate (money again!) and is tempted temporarily by a mistaken sense of duty to his family to re-enter the world. The story is set in the eighteenth century, and the period falls like a dead hand over the prose. Unlike the hero of *The Sense of the Past* we never really go back. Can we believe in a young man who speaks of a girl as "attached to our Holy Church"? There is really more truth to the religious life in the novels of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Here for an example is Guy Domville's first reply to temptation,

> Break with all the past, and break with it this minute?—turn back from the threshold, take my hand from the plough?—The hour is too troubled, your news too strange, your summons too sudden!

Strangely enough the failure of *Guy Domville* was not the end. Now that he had given up any hopes of stage success, perhaps he felt a certain freedom in his relations with that "insufferable little art." The love affair was at an end and he need no longer try to please. "The hard meagreness inherent in the theatrical form" could be ignored. One critic

* *The Complete Plays of Henry James*. Edited by Leon Edel. *Hart-Davis*. 35s.

had observed of his early plays "We wish very much that Mr. James would write some farces to please himself, and not to please the stage," and right at the close with *The Outcry*—a thin amusing story of how a picture was saved for the nation against the will of the owner, an individualistic peer who wanted to sell it for sheer cussedness to an American dealer—he very nearly succeeded in producing an actable comedy. A comedy, for the author of *The Turn of the Screw* and *The Wings of the Dove* strangely failed when he tried on the stage to express the horrors or tragedies of the human situation. "You don't know—but we're abysses," one of the characters cries in his creaking melodrama, *The Other House*, but it was just the sense of the abyss that he failed on those flat boards ever to convey. Turn to his ghost story of *Owen Wingrave*, the story of a young man who refused to continue the military tradition of his family and died bravely facing the supernatural in his own home ("Owen Wingrave, dressed as he had last seen him, lay dead on the spot on which his ancestor had been found. He was all the young soldier on the gained field") and compare the dignity of this story, which does indeed convey a sense of the abyss, with the complicated and unspeakable prattle of the stage adaptation.

> That proud old Sir Philip, and that wonderful Miss Wingrave, Deputy-Governor, herself, of the Family Fortress—that they, with their immense Military Tradition, and with their particular responsibility to his gallant Father, the Soldier Son, the Soldier Brother sacrificed on an Egyptian battlefield, and whose example—as that of his dead Mother's, of so warlike a race too—it has been their religion to keep before him; that *they* should take his sudden startling action hard is a fact I indeed understand and appreciate. But—I maintain it to you—I should deny my own intelligence if I didn't find our young man, at our crisis, and certainly at *his*, more interesting, perhaps, than ever!

Unwillingly we have to condemn the Master for a fault we had previously never suspected the possibility of his possessing—incompetence.

GRAHAM GREENE

POEM FROM A SEQUENCE

The power that wheels the eagle's wing
And darts the silver herring shoal
Strikes from my rock a mountain spring
That has no knowledge of its goal
But only of its will to sing.

The water sings, the rowan's root
Transmutes this rush of melting snow;
It brings to branch the burnished shoot,
And bright as streams that made them grow
Cluster the scarlet autumn fruit.

The ousel spies the splash of blood
Where hard and bright the berries throng;
Fed on my flesh the mountain bird
May sing his wild wind-drifted song—
Voice of my snows, my rock and flood.

Migrant on my mountainside,
Sing, and make fecund all the past;
Soar, that my years be justified—
That when your wings are still at last
It may not be through me they died.

GAVIN MAXWELL

CREATIVE ACTIVITIES

The Psychology of Art. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Trans. by Stuart Gilbert. 2 vols. *Zwemmer.* 6 *gns.*

The Psychology of Art is such a deceptive title for André Malraux' book that one cannot help suspecting that the French word *psychologie* has some subtle significance that is lost in English. Psychologists of the analytical or statistical kind will find nothing in this book to satisfy their specialist standards, but this is not because M. Malraux is a superficial or superstitious dabbler in the mysteries of the human soul. His book is severe enough, and yet immensely suggestive and intelligent. But it is not systematic. One feels that Malraux has too much feeling for works of art to dissect them rigorously. He communicates enjoyment, generously. A reviewer once described one of my own books as "indulgent" because I had used a fairly large number of illustrations; M. Malraux has nearly 200, thirty-six of them in colour, and he has ranged far and wide to find exactly the right work of art to fit his argument. These two volumes may be coveted merely as a picture-book; but they become infinitely richer if the pictures are fed into the argument. The combination of text and illustration is very persuasive.

There are perhaps two main characteristics of Malraux' book, which ought to be emphasised. In the first place, the author is anti-academic and even anti-intellectualist. Famous as a novelist, he is also a man of action, a politician of ministerial rank (he has been Minister of Information in the French Cabinet) and a hero of the Resistance. He belongs, perhaps, to the same psychological type as T. E. Lawrence, about whom he has written very sympathetically. When he speaks of Oriental art, for example, he does so with a first-hand acquaintance with its provenance. He has travelled widely, and has become aware of the artificiality of museum art—works of art wrenched from their settings in time and place, co-ordinated, catalogued and imprisoned within the four walls of a functional building. It is not everyone who can travel like M. Malraux, but he makes a great point of the ease with which the stay-at-home can nowadays construct, with the aid of photographs and reproductions, his own "museum without walls," a museum not confined to movable objects, but containing architecture, stained glass, frescoes, tapestries, etc. But Malraux is also aware that all this implies an intellectual activity, and the intellectualisation of art, originated by museums, is merely promoted if we rely on a museum of reproductions, however selectively these may be collected and experienced. Art can be properly understood only by means of a sympathetic participation in "the creative act," which is the title of the second of these volumes.

Here M. Malraux has a still more startling thesis to develop. Art, he says in effect, is not the imitation of Nature, but of art. Art is, as it were, an independent species, mating and spawning in isolation from other species of human activity. Influences are matched, and a sort of Mendelian law leads by biological stages to all the varieties of styles. A style is "a means of re-fashioning the world in terms of the values of him who invents it," but every artist's career begins with the pastiche.

> The fact that it is not some supremely beautiful face which launches the painter on his career, but the sight of a supremely beautiful painting, does not lessen the emotion this experience gives him; and like all deep emotion, the emotion which springs from art has a craving to perpetuate itself.

This thesis has some similarity to Focillon's *vie des formes*, according to which the forms of art lead a life of their own, inspiring the artist rather than being inspired by him. One might say that this whole tendency in æsthetics is typically French—typical of a civilisation that has always approached the plastic arts from a sensuous rather than a didactic or ideological standpoint. There are difficulties about such a standpoint—how, for example, accommodate a realistic but great artist such as Courbet? M. Malraux has his answer pat: there are two Courbets—the Courbet of the *Funeral*, the *Studio* and the *Fire*, that is to say, the Courbet of "deeply pondered harmonies"; and the Courbet of the *Woman in the Hammock*, where "promptly all genius fails him." "So far as painting is concerned, the ideology of realism is merely a form of polemics, a counterblast to idealism."

The danger in this whole thesis lies in the reduction of all art to craftsmanship, which was Eric Gill's heresy. Malraux makes the distinction clear:

> I name that man artist who *creates* forms, be he an ambassador like Rubens, an image-maker like Gilbert of Autun, an *ignotus* like the Master of Chartres, an illuminator of manuscripts like Limbourg, a court official like Velasquez, a *rentier* like Cézanne, a man possessed like Van Gogh, or a vagabond like Gauguin; I call that man a craftsman who *reproduces* forms, however great may be the charm—or the sleight—of his craftsmanship . . . Painters and sculptors, whenever they were great, transfigured the forms they had inherited, and the creative joy of him who *invented* the Moissac *Christ*, the Chartres *Kings*, and the *Uta*, was different in kind from the satisfaction felt by the cabinet-maker who had just completed a perfect chest.

Surely this is the last word on a subject on which we have wasted too much ink and paper.

One can still, of course, call for a definition of "creative joy." M. Malraux' definitions will not satisfy the scientist, but most of us, when we are told that it is "art's very nature to seek to 'possess' space, time, and the possible, and to achieve this end by wresting them from the world man *undergoes*, and including them in the world he *dominates*," know that an important truth has been expressed. "All art is a struggle against destiny, against man's awareness of all those forces outside him that are indifferent to him, or hostile; death and the tyrant earth." And there speaks the author, not only of this fine book, but also of those novels that wear as well as any contemporary fiction—*Espoir* and *La condition humaine*.

HERBERT READ

ROMMEL

Rommel. By DESMOND YOUNG. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At one stage of the North African campaign, General Auchinleck issued an order, which ran:

> There exists a real danger that our friend Rommel is becoming a kind of magician or bogy-man to our troops, who are talking far too much about him. . . . I wish you to dispel by all possible means that idea that Rommel represents something more than an ordinary German general. . . . We must refer to "the Germans" or "the Axis powers" or "the enemy" and not always keep harping on Rommel.

It is doubtful whether any other general on either side had such a tribute paid to him. Rommel became as much a myth in the British Army as he was for a short time in Germany; and Brigadier Young, who himself had a brief glimpse of Rommel on his way to an Italian prisoner-of-war camp in 1942, has done well to begin the task of discovering the real man behind the facade so assiduously built up by Rommel's friend, Josef Goebbels. I write "begin the task" because this book is not the objective biography we had the right to expect. Its author, inspired by the Anglo-German camaraderie of the desert, is an ardent partisan; and—to judge from his haphazard spelling of German words—his knowledge of the language is insufficient to permit of much first-hand research. What he has given us is a readable defence of his hero, based almost exclusively on the personal reminiscences of Rommel's family and a few of his personal friends. No attempt has been made to check their stories or to evaluate their highly prejudiced judgments on his colleagues and rivals. What we are given is not history, but the picture which Rommel would have painted of himself, if he had written an autobiography.

Even this partial investigation, however, has

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BETTER or WORSE?

In 1939 **Charles Segal** published a celebrated survey of Kensington children's living conditions, entitled *Penn'orth of Chips*. Now, just in time for the Election, comes his similar post-war survey, *BACKWARD CHILDREN IN THE MAKING* (7/6). Full of facts, comparisons with pre-war, conclusions and proposals, it has the recommendation of Sir Cyril Burt and Lord Boyd-Orr, who says "I hope it will be widely read by all those interested in education and social welfare."

L. M. Bates, leading journalist of the tideway Thames and Editor of the *P. L. A. Monthly*, has written a fascinating book in *THE LONDONER'S RIVER* (10/6). Bursting with historical and topographical information, as well as many anecdotes of the tideway from Teddington to the Nore, there are 43 superb gravure photographs.

Students of the theatre cannot afford to miss *EDY—Recollections of Edith Craig* (10/6) edited by **Eleanor Adlard**. These memoirs of Ellen Terry's daughter, well known as a producer, have been written by a company of her late associates, including her brother Edward Gordon Craig, Harcourt Williams, Sybil Thorndike, V. Sackville West, Sheila Kaye-Smith and others.

FREDERICK MULLER

been worth while. In particular, we must be grateful to Brigadier Young for disentangling the precise relationship of Rommel to the conspirators of July 20th, 1944, and the manner of his death. It now appears that the earlier supposition that he was an active member of the conspiracy is unfounded. He had no knowledge of the plot to murder Hitler, and expressed his disapproval of the attempt, after it had failed. On the other hand, Dr. Stroelin, the Mayor of Stuttgart, and General Speidel, his Chief of Staff, were both active conspirators, and they discussed with Rommel the necessity of ending the war when he was home on leave in the spring of 1944. In these conversations, Rommel outlined the idea of an armistice with the Anglo-American armies, under which Germany would surrender to the West and fight on in the East. He discussed the same idea in May, 1944, with Ernst Junger, the disillusioned Nazi litterateur, and, surprisingly enough, with von Neurath. But he was still bent on persuading Hitler to abdicate when he was wounded on July 17th. Indeed, it was only the fact that von Stuelpnagel—in delirium, after failing to commit suicide—kept repeating his name, that brought Rommel under suspicion. On October 14th he was visited at his home in Herrlingen by two General Staff officers and given the choice of either taking poison immediately or being tried before a People's Court. He chose poison and was given a State funeral.

From the fact that he was murdered by Hitler, as well as from the contempt of the Party bosses and the atrocities of the S.S. which Rommel frequently expressed, Brigadier Young draws the conclusion that, "although he admired and respected Hitler, he had no use for the Nazis." But the evidence he adduces is not very convincing. Certainly Rommel was never a Party Member; but this proves precisely nothing, since no member of the *Reichswehr* was permitted to join the Party. Brigadier Young goes on to acquit him of *Freikorps* activities between 1918 and 1921. But, since Rommel retained his commission, he had no need to join the *Freikorps*; and his assignments—the command of an "internal security company" first in Friedrichshafen and then in the Ruhr—may not have been so very different from those of men like Roehm. Unfortunately, we are given no details of his life during these formative years. We can safely assume, however, that he held the anti-Republican views current in the *Reichswehr*, and that his welcome for the Nazi regime was not qualified by the distaste for taking orders from an Austrian corporal prevalent among well-born members of the Officers Corps.

Indeed, the key to Rommel's character and career is that he combined two very rare qualities. First, he was a great general, without belonging to the General Staff; and, secondly, he was a popular leader, without being a politician. Son of a Wuerttemberg schoolmaster, he joined the Army in 1910 and rose from the ranks to earn the "Pour La Mérite" (the equivalent of the Victoria Cross) as a Captain in 1917. But, though he had a magnificent record as an infantry officer and married well above his station—his wife came of an East Prussian Junker family—he remained an insignificant outsider in the military hierarchy until his little infantry manual, *Infanterie Greift An*, caught the attention of Hitler in 1937, when he was still only a Lieutenant-Colonel. This was the turning point in his career. Selected to take charge of the Fuehrer's personal bodyguard, he had risen by 1939 to the rank of Major-General, and in 1940 was given command of a tank division in France on the personal intervention of Hitler himself.

Brigadier Young is anxious to show that, even at this period, he was already anti-Nazi; and he makes much of a quarrel between von Schirach and Rommel about the military training of the *Hitlerjugend*. But I find it difficult to believe that the officer who became an intimate friend of Goebbels and was appointed by Hitler to look after his personal security during the march into Austria, the rape of Czechoslovakia and the conquest of Poland, was not politically reliable! Nor need one impute the worst motives to Halder and the other members of the General Staff in order to explain their cordial dislike of the man they were bound to regard as a "Party general." In the eyes of the professional German generals, Rommel was a creature of the Fuehrer, and the North African campaign a piece of Hitlerian nonsense. The professionals may have been wrong in this appreciation of the man and his campaign; but it is surely a distortion to paint a black and white picture of a feud between Rommel, the honest, non-political soldier, and a High Command servilely obedient to the Fuehrer. Rommel owed the beginning of his career entirely to Hitler's personal favour, and even Brigadier Young admits that there is no evidence of his disloyalty to Hitler before the defeat at El Alamein. Indeed, as long as they were both successful, each believed fervently in the other.

Rommel is the non-political tribute of one fighting soldier to another. Brigadier Young liked the Germans he fought in North Africa. He also shares Rommel's dislike for the chairborne members of Supreme Headquarters—especially the Intelligence Staff—and his poor opinion of politicians. What he does not see is that the indifference to politics of men like Rommel, Todt and Speer was based on a rejection of democracy and acceptance of the *Fuehrerprinzip* and had nothing in common with the anti-political bias of the British officer. To defend Rommel on the ground that, while he respected Hitler, he had no use for his entourage is to make words nearly meaningless. There was scarcely a Nazi leader who did not share this trait; at the top level everybody despised almost everybody else—with the exception of the Fuehrer. Similarly, to argue that because he was attractive, courageous and chivalrous, Rommel could not have been a *real* Nazi is to miss the whole German problem, which is that any German who is uninterested in politics can be a good Nazi and a good fellow at the same time.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

ENGLISH VINEYARDS

The Grape Vine in England. By EDWARD HYAMS. With an Introduction by V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Bodley Head.* 16s.

This book combines historical and literary information about the growing of vines in England, with a practical treatise on their culture, as practised by the author in a two-acre vineyard near Canterbury, where he is growing several hundred French vines in the open air and making wine. This he is doing under the advice of Mr. R. Barrington Brock, whose experimental culture of almost every known kind of vine on his ground at Oxted, Surrey, is a pioneer work on scientific lines, likely to result in a body of knowledge from which a solid industry may be rebuilt.

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The author of this book is aware of all these matters, as well as being what he calls a practical, though a novice, *vinearon*. This is a good word, more acceptable than *viticulturalist*. Mr. Hyams adapts it from the word *vinearoon*, which he found in a letter written from Lord Delaware to his

To be published February 8

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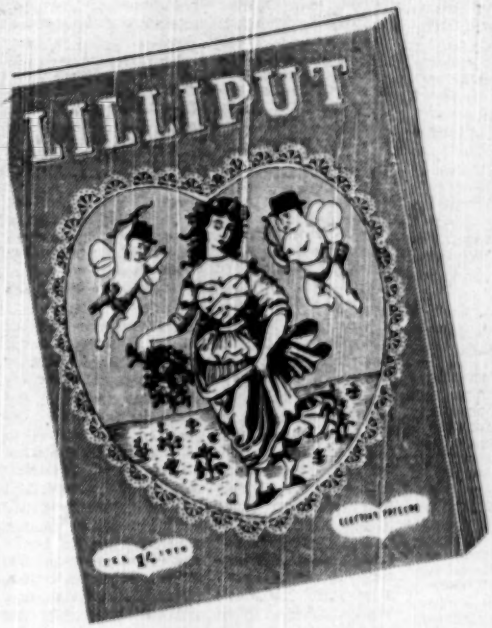

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London Company in 1616 from New York. The author's results, so far, persuade him that climatic conditions have not altered since the centuries of the widespread cultivation of the vine in England. He has given many tables of figures in this book, showing comparative periods of sunlight in England and the French and Rhine vineyards, and he concludes that generally we are not poorer, but that our grapes should be gathered later, toward the end of October. His comparison of soil values is interesting, and in it he shows which parts of England are equivalent roughly to the soil conditions of Burgundy, and which to those of the claret country.

From my own experience with wall vines in the open, I can confirm all that Mr. Hyams says about results. I can also learn much from his advice about pruning and manuring; a subtle and difficult business, its problems comparable, let us say, to those of marriage, or of that period of life which occupies us between birth and death.

Finally, the prose style in which this book is written is dignified and elegant. Mr. Hyams is an artist. Here is a representative paragraph.

> It is to be feared that even among gardeners there are total abstainers, but the incidence of such eccentrics among gardeners imaginative enough to love the Vine must surely be low and I will charitably suppose that these few are not abstainers "on principle," that is, because they cannot trust their neighbours to behave moderately, but because of some visceral misfortune or a self-acknowledged weakness of character which deters them from wine, the most excellent of the products of man's partnership with nature, for fear of becoming drunkards. And it may here be noticed that whereas abstainers from wine are to be found very generally among the most troublesome and belligerent of soldiers and politicians, the worst scourges of the race, they are to be sought in vain among the Shakespeares, Rembrandts, Beethovens, and Balzacs of history.

RICHARD CHURCH

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SCARLET PIMPERNEL

Tito's Plot Against Europe. By DEREK KARTUN. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 2s. 6d.

Moshe Pijade, the veteran Yugoslav Communist leader, accurately summed up the Rajk trial charges against his country as follows:

> So Yugoslavia has set herself the purpose of destroying, by espionage, plots, sabotage, assassination and, where necessary, direct military intervention, the existing order in six People's Republics, beginning with Albania and ending with Poland, of which four are her immediate neighbours, and of overthrowing their Socialist governments so as to restore Capitalism in these countries and to make them an instrument of American policy directed against the Soviet Union.
>
> This, it will be observed, is a fearsome and grandiose design. What Imperialist hydra, even the most powerful and blood-thirsty in the world, would not envy the courage of Yugoslavia in framing such vast plans against six countries at once, without counting the seventh, which happens to be a world power. . . .

Mr. Derek Kartun, the foreign editor of the *Daily Worker*, has written a "shilling shocker" that treats as gospel truth the charges derided by Moshe Pijade. The result imposes an intolerable strain on credulity. Take, for instance, the culminating charge that the great majority of the Yugoslav leaders are "deserters and traitors to democracy and Socialism", who were Trotskyists before the war, and became agents of the British and American Intelligence Services during and after the war. Rajk testified that among the leaders of the 150 Yugoslav "Trotskyists" whom he had allegedly introduced to and discussed with the Deuxième Bureau and the Gestapo at the Vichy camps of Saint Cyprien, Gurs and Vernet, were Alesh Bebler, Maslarich, Mrazovich and Voukmanovich. None of these was ever in any of these camps. The first three were badly wounded before the collapse, were evacuated straight to Paris and from there returned to Yugoslavia. Voukmanovich has never been in France or Spain in his life and was in a Yugoslav prison at this time. Yet Rajk mentioned Voukmanovich repeatedly and said he had had several conversations with him in these Vichy camps!

Perhaps the height of absurdity is reached in Mr. Kartun's chapter entitled "Tito and the Maclean Mission," where he attempts the heroic task of proving that Tito was really a traitor, so presumably on the side of the Nazis, when he was being helped by the British Military Mission because he was organising and leading the partisan army that from first to last pinned down forty enemy divisions in Yugoslavia and raised half a million men.

Mr. Kartun's "proofs" are, first, the fact that we helped the Yugoslav partisans, which he alleges we did not do in the case of the French and Greek partisans. The Yugoslav partisans were an incomparably greater military force than those of Greece or France. They got much less help than they should have had. So did the Greek and French partisans. But the latter were nevertheless also helped with money, arms, and liaison agents.

A second item of "proof" portentously adduced is the following:

> It is revealing in the light of what we now know to re-read some of the literary works produced by the members of the British liaison group. Mr. Basil Davidson, who was in the Vojvodina, speaks in his *Partisan Picture* of the time it took to persuade the Foreign Office that Tito should be supported. It appears that MI5 knew more in 1942 and 1943 than it was prepared to tell the politicians in the Cabinet. One can visualise the Intelligence Service trying to make the politicians understand that there was more to Tito than at first met the eye, but unwilling to tell them exactly how much more.

If this means anything, it suggests that the reason the Foreign Office hesitated so long to give any help to Tito was because the Military Intelligence Service knew he was secretly a British agent but went on letting the F.O. mistakenly believe he was a Communist. Mr. Kartun, who is an intelligent man, must have been desperately gravelled for matter before writing such nonsense. And it so happens that the F.O. was the first to realise the necessity for helping Tito because he was doing all the fighting in Yugoslavia, whereas the War Office clung to Mihailovich to the last.

Mr. Davidson, says Mr. Kartun darkly, "also stresses in his book the spirit of independence of the South Slavs." Brigadier Maclean, in his *Eastern Approaches*, reveals the same suspicious, not to say damning, fact. Believe it or not, but that is all the "evidence" Mr. Kartun can muster. That does not prevent him concluding that "in Yugoslavia British Intelligence commenced the operation and bequeathed their achievements to the Americans. Mr. Churchill's Military Mission laid the foundation. Mr. Dulles, the O.S.S. and the U.S. State Department built upon it."

The impression left on me is that Comrade Kartun has substituted the Scarlet Pimpernel for the class struggle as his social creed, and Edgar Wallace and the Baroness Orczy for Marx and Engels as its prophets.

K. ZILLIACUS

TRACASSERIES

The Letters of the Princess Charlotte, 1811-1817 Edited by PROFESSOR ARTHUR ASPINALL. *Home and Van Thal.* 42s.

Another Regency grave has yawned and given up its dead. The letters of Princess Charlotte to her bosom friend and confidante, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, which have been lying buried in Lord Lansdowne's family archives at Bowood for the last eighty years, are now resurrected under the auspices of the late Lord Lansdowne and Professor Aspinall for public perusal.

It would be hard to say definitely on whose behalf Professor Aspinall has been to this labour of deciphering and editing. The printed text of the letters is riddled with "those damned dots" that signify omissions. Yet nowhere is there an indication why the blue pencil has had to be applied. Lack of interest? Illegibility? Repetitiousness? Impropriety? Your guess is as good as mine. Even if the real excuse be shortage of paper, there need be no shortage of explanation. This breach of editorial etiquette is alone enough to rouse distaste in the academic world, for whom the book seems primarily intended. As for the wider public who would gladly supplement their slender knowledge of Princess Charlotte, Professor Aspinall leaves those benighted gentry severely in the dark. His fifteen-page introduction makes no concessions to ignorance and assumes that his audience is already thoroughly familiar with Princess Charlotte's obscure career.

Fortunately such an audience actually exists, for the Regency has its band of devotees. Lady Bessborough and Lady Granville did not write in vain, and those who have already feasted on the rich memoirs of that period, who have seen the enigmatical look on Lady Melbourne's face, who have heard Madame de Lieven's sharp tongue and Lady Holland's endless grumbles, who have watched Creevey at his toad-eating and Byron at his heroics, will partake readily of a light supper at Professor Aspinall's table. Only to those, however, will this book convey any meaning: and it is to those stalwart Regencivores that the reviewer must confine his observations.

Princess Charlotte was a pathetic minor character in history. She might have been a queen of England but for the incompetence of her *accoucheur*. Her premature death in childbed at the age of 21 was a tragedy for no one but her ambitious husband, Prince Leopold, who found himself thwarted of a throne; and even the widower's grief was alleviated by the pension of £50,000 a year from the British Government, for which he had been careful to stipulate before the wedding. The marriage had lasted a short eighteen months. Before she finally chose Leopold, the Regent's daughter, as heiress presumptive, had been beset by suitors. The correspondence now published reveals the endless

tracasserie she suffered from the age of 17 in trying to dodge one aspirant after another—*tracasserie* being the expressive Regency word the Princess herself constantly employed in describing her predicament.

The Regent was bent on her marrying the Prince of Orange; Queen Charlotte, her grandmother, preferred Prince Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; while Caroline, her disgraced mother, tried to compromise her with the disreputable Captain Hesse. Charlotte confided her matrimonial problem to the sympathetic Miss Elphinstone. And that wise young woman seems to have offered no advice on the choice of a husband until Charlotte herself had shown her inclinations. When Leopold was eventually preferred to all the rest, Miss Elphinstone became very active as a go-between and clinched the match. It seems possible, although Professor Aspinall takes no cognisance of the idea, that Miss Elphinstone was covertly backing Leopold all along, although too wary to be explicit until Charlotte had succumbed to his charms. Whatever the case may be, the go-between received no reward for her services. Leopold was not the man to allow his wife a confidante; and Miss Elphinstone quickly fades from the scene after the marriage.

The letters reveal a bouncing, high-spirited hoyden, with a schoolgirl's crush on her "commander-in-chief," as she called Miss Elphinstone. Indeed, this infatuation may well have distracted the Princess from paying proper attention to her male admirers. The spelling—faithfully reproduced—is haphazard, the grammar impulsive, to say the least; and the emphatic underlinings are as unpredictable as those in the letters of Queen Victoria. But the language is far from Victorian. When occasion prompts, Charlotte can be as virulent as any of her Hanoverian family. "This den," she calls the Palace of Windsor; "that nasty ugly spider-legged little Dutchman" is a description of her ex-fiancé, the Prince of Orange; "the infernal Arches" she christens the Archdukes of Austria, whose matrimonial approaches she dreaded.

The worst *tracasserie* of all befell the poor Princess when she broke off her engagement to the Prince of Orange. The Regent was furious and threatened to incarcerate her in Carlton House. Charlotte in despair ran away in a hackney coach to her mother's. But her mother was out, and she was recaptured at two o'clock in the morning by a posse of uncles, reinforced by Miss Elphinstone, and the Bishop of Salisbury. Thereafter for nearly a year she was kept in seclusion to induce her to mend her ways. But the Princess was more than a match for her father. "Nothing *in the shape of an Orange* can ever be looked at even again by me," she declared to Miss Elphinstone; and her "detested Dutchman" at last disconsolately withdrew to "visit his frogs solo."

Princess Charlotte renounced the Dutchman because she had fallen in love with another man. Who was he? Since the affair never came to anything, the man's identity seems of trifling interest, except to a scholar like Professor Aspinall. Yet unfortunately in this case the Professor's scholarship has landed him in a fine *tracasserie* of his own contrivance. Miss Elphinstone, who had become Madame de Flahault, told Charles Greville the story eighteen years after the event; and Greville duly recorded it in his Diary on September 18th, 1832, where he gives the man's name as Prince Augustus of Prussia. One hundred and thirty-four years after the event Professor Aspinall proclaims that the man was really Prince Frederick of Prussia, and that Miss Elphinstone and Greville did not know whom they were talking about. To such an absurd conclusion can erudition lead when unsupported by judgment.

The only evidence for Professor Aspinall's thesis provided in the printed text of these letters is that Charlotte referred to her lover as "F." Presumably it was this single initial that set the Professor off on his wild-goose chase. But Prince Augustus's second name was Ferdinand; and there is overwhelming evidence in the letters themselves that he is the personage concerned, a handsome middle-aged *roué*. (Prince Frederick was a mere youth of 19.) When Charlotte at last learnt the truth about Prince Augustus—that he had already married twice *de la main gauche* and was contemplating further nuptials of the same sort with a Miss Rumbold—"have I not *échappé belle*," she exclaimed. That is more than can be said for Professor Aspinall's conjecture.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

GOETHE'S RETROSPECT

Truth and Fantasy: From My Life. By J. W. VON GOETHE. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Goethe wrote the first three parts of these memoirs between 1811 and 1814; the last part, which did not appear in his lifetime, was added in 1830 and 1831, when he was over eighty. Since the whole work covers only the years up to 1776, there is a gap of fifty-five years between the last of the events recorded and the completion of the work. This fact helps to explain the title and the tone of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, its inaccuracies and its detachment. Goethe was more interested in the personalities and the events which had influenced his early development than in a series of selves whom he had outgrown and could only vaguely recall. His attitude to these is paternal, but never patronising; he likes to refer to himself as "the boy," "the young man" or to include himself in a reticent "we." He neither blames nor apologises, but reserves the right to withhold more than he gives away. As Mr. Humphrey Trevelyan writes in his introduction:

> It is a disappointing book, if we seek in it the secret of Goethe's greatness, a portrayal or analysis of emotional tensions powerful enough to have tossed the mighty ark of his existence into the firmament. How could this young man whom Goethe describes, with his sheltered, well-to-do bourgeois upbringing, his inborn knack of getting the best out of life, produce *Werther* and *Faust*? There is something unexplained here, reticences of the old Goethe about his youth. Goethe in 1811, at the age of 62, was already regarding himself historically.

Yet there is a good deal to be discovered by reading between the lines; and Goethe himself goes as far as to tell us about the circumstances in which *Werther* was written, his restlessness (he was nicknamed "the Wanderer") and his revolt against the tedium of social life. His friendship with "Derones," the boy actor, and the "Gretchen" affair prove that he was not content to be a mere product of his upbringing.

Mr. J. M. Cohen, the editor of this selection, has omitted most of the judgments and descriptions of contemporaries in which the original abounds; Herder, Lenz and Lavater are the exceptions. Only brief mention is made of Merck who, however unimportant in himself, played an important role in Goethe's early life, that of Mephistopheles, the spirit of mockery and negation. By concentrating on the principal love affairs of this period—those with Gretchen, Friederike and Lili—the editor has succeeded in reducing the work to something like a continuous and ordered narrative. Goethe's friendships with two other women—Charlotte Buff, another man's fiancée, and Maxe de Laroche, another man's wife—are touched upon in connection with the writing of *Werther*: in addition, there is the sinister and significant episode at Strasbourg, when Goethe's lips were cursed by "Lucinde," the elder daughter of the French dancing-master. Mr. Cohen's selection, though a little one-sided, is easy on the reader without being sensational; there are reflections on many general matters, on the Lisbon earthquake, on the Strasbourg minster (as well as the passionate sisters), descriptions of Goethe's home and family, digressions on Shakespeare and the French theatre and an account of Goethe's first journey to Switzerland. *Truth and Fantasy* should satisfy all those

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who are interested in Goethe's life and works but whose interest does not extend to the historical background or the complex religious and literary trends of the time.

The translation, by Miss Eithne Wilkins and Mr. Ernst Kaiser, is colloquial and fluent, though at the expense of much of the original flavour. The use of such adjectives as "high-minded," "clean-living" and "tasty" is objectionable; though their literal meaning corresponds roughly to "*edel*," "*reinlich*" and "*schmackhaft*" respectively, they belong to a suburban vocabulary which should not be associated with Goethe. The dignified preciosities characteristic of the late Goethe have been lost: "*schöne Forderung*," for example, is rendered by "the demands of something more ideally beautiful." "*Wohltätig*" does not mean "benevolent" (page 239); "to make me feel small and put me in my place" (for "*um mich zu kränken und zu beschämen*") is too much of a good thing and another offence against the *ambiance*. The footnote on page 110 misses the point; the title *Kritische Wälder* refers not to leaves, but to trees, and is derived from the Latin use of *silva* to denote a miscellany.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

SON AND FATHER

Michael Ernest Sadler. A Memoir by his Son, MICHAEL SADLEIR. *Constable.* 20*s.*

The Family as a social institution is said to be threatened with extinction. There is however one aspect, the literary, in which family influence continues unabated and unrepentant. When the celebrated die, their papers first pass through the family sieve. When the question of a biographer comes up, members of the family with literary leanings have the first refusal.

These conditions are strikingly illustrated by this book on Sir Michael Sadler by his son. Criticism is met by his disarming modesty: "I have not attempted what I am incompetent to perform"—this is not a biography but a memoir—and by the note that the late Principal of Lady Margaret Hall is preparing a companion volume on Sir Michael's services to education, as Secretary of the Oxford Extension Committee, head of the Special Enquiries branch of the Board of Education, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, Chairman of the Calcutta University Commission and Master of University College, Oxford. Sadler's distinction certainly deserves commemoration, but two fat volumes seem better calculated to bury than to praise him. Nor has Mr. Sadleir been able wholly to by-pass his father's educational career, in particular *l'affaire* Morant. It may prove that what he has in fact done is to skim off the cream. A single volume, written by a detached biographer, with a personal memoir by the son, would have been a more normal and, I think, more satisfactory tribute.

Sadler's life was the life of an enthusiast, with periods of euphoria and periods of depression, the latter sometimes but not always brought about by disappointments in his career. (It is probably fortunate that his wife was nine years older than he was.) He could be considerate and charming but there was a strain of self-consciousness and a dose of temperament, which makes his son frankly admit that he was never popular. Sometimes his enthusiasm outran his discretion, notably in his purchases of pictures; but he made generous and valuable gifts to a number of galleries, and John Piper has here described what his patronage meant to young artists struggling in the inter-war period. It was, apparently, his wounds from Morant that turned him to this hobby. "I should have gone mad," he writes, "but for one thing. I became interested in modern painting." The seeds had been laid in his Oxford days, when he adored Ruskin to the point of the inexpressible. "You might as well pack up a strawberry in an envelope or express music in terms of snuff-boxes," is his comment on a lecture. Portraits of Sadler as an undergraduate suggest the aesthete, and the influence never left him.

Ruskin also influenced his social thinking, which might be described as a superficial Socialism, founded on generosity of mind, which was always likely to be submerged at a crisis beneath the tide of his upbringing and social origins. Thus in the Leeds Municipal strike of 1913 he permitted, and indeed encouraged, his students to act as strike-breakers.

The extracts from his papers are invigorating and attractively expressed. The enthusiast is always breaking through, whether he is visiting Joseph Chamberlain (who spoke for half an hour of his orchids), reporting the wedding of T. H. Huxley's son to Matthew Arnold's daughter, tracking down Monticellis in the back streets of Marseilles on his way to India, or writing of his beloved Extension (at one meeting he had as speakers, Walter Pater, John Addington Symonds and Tom Mann). It is easy to deride the enthusiast—and Sadler's incaution earned him his share of ridicule—but, particularly in the desiccating trade of education, their presence would be sadly missed. We must now await expectantly Miss Grier's estimate of his public career.

WILLIAM SCOVELL ADAMS

NEW NOVELS

The Boat. By L. P. HARTLEY. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Aeolia. By ILIAS VENEZIS. *Campion.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Scorched Crop. By JIRI MUCHA. *Hogarth.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

It is now some years since Mr. L. P. Hartley, in three steps, ascended the dais of celebrity, and there received homage and acclaim. The three steps were his three novels, *The Shrimp and the Anemone*, *The Sixth Heaven*, and *Eustace and Hilda*, which may for convenience be called the Eustace trilogy. Like the Law and the Ritz Hotel these novels were open to everyone; but they offered most enjoyment to the privileged, to the connoisseurs of the novel. Their ideal reader I imagine to be someone packing them (perhaps with *Wives and Daughters* and a volume of Edith Wharton) to read in the train on the way to the Bellini Exhibition in Venice. Mr. Hartley's tragi-comedy and his concern for moral values were clearly of the most illustrious descent; his sensibility was highly individual, and if I say that there was about the Eustace trilogy the air of a minor classic, of a *petit maître*, it is to the classic quality and to the mastery that I wish to direct attention.

What of Mr. Hartley's new novel? The boat, which by the end of five hundred pages has done duty as a symbol of personal salvation and social revolution, is introduced as a commonplace, if handsome and enticing, rowing boat, resting in a Gothic Revival boathouse. The boat is the property of Mr. Hartley's hero, Timothy Casson, but the boathouse is not, and this may be taken as the point from which this elaborate, leisurely, and rather perplexing story issues. Timothy (he is the kind of hero with whom, despite what he describes as his advancing years, one is at once on first-name terms) has merely rented The Old Rectory, to which the boathouse is an attachment. The circumstances emerge, under different lights, in letters written by Timothy to his three friends, Magda, Esther, and Tyro. In taking the lease, he has acted precipitately, without obtaining the approval of his solicitors. Yet it is not so much the tangible legal disabilities under which he suffers in consequence which create the atmosphere of doubt, non-acceptance, even hostility, by which he finds himself surrounded, and which prevent his taking the boat out on the river. It is rather a kind of malaise of indecision, of lack of purpose, a failure to be at home, not only in Upton-on-Swirrel, but in the world, of which Mr. Hartley makes us aware with cautious skill, introducing spiritual uneasiness in small doses, like a Victorian arsenic murderer smiling over his victims.

It is done with a fine tact, so that, in reading, we seem to be recognising something which has always been present in communities of this kind, the element of Kafka in Cranford. Thus, although it would quite probably be legal to take the boat out on the river, it would—it comes out with dark certainty—involve the strong disapproval, indeed the enmity, of the fishing set, upon whose agreeable sub-County residences Timothy has cast a yearning eye. In the background—one might say in the Castle—is Mrs. Lampard, who is not sub-County and could put everything right with a word. There is a good reason for the word to be uttered, for Mrs. Lampard has lunched with Timothy at his villa in Italy, but it is not uttered. Something is wrong, and from being a simple act of recreation rowing becomes, in Timothy's eyes, an act of affirmation and defiance: but he does not take the boat out.

Hostility has its obverse side; it provides Timothy with allies. Of these the most important is Vera Cross, an attractive and enigmatic young woman who eventually becomes more than an ally. It is she who presses Timothy to take the offensive, and by doing so brings about a village war, with strong political implications. (The period is 1940.) In this struggle the Rector and his wife, Volumnia Purbright, occupy a peculiar position; the Rector is anti-Timothy, but Mrs. Purbright takes no side. She seeks what is good, and her character, in a book which contains echoes of George Eliot and Henry James, is an essay in the great tradition. I do not want to catalogue the characters, but the servants, Beatrice and Effie, and the gardener Wimbush are all beautifully done, both in their Kafka and in their Cranford manifestations. This may be seen particularly by comparison with Timothy's friends Magda, Tyro and Esther, two of whom appear in person about the climax of this drama and who are, as characters, much less successful: Tyro's letters are not only prolix in themselves, but in a book which has a grand Victorian fullness, make one conscious of *longueurs*.

I have referred to the climax. That this will be tragic is inherent in the book; that it will

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EXTRACTS FROM STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN THE MOST HON. THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW, K.G., K.T.

It has been widely advocated, for some time past but particularly since devaluation, that the authorities should take steps deliberately to lever up interest rates, with a view to reinforcing disinflationary measures already taken or yet to be applied. We need to ask ourselves, in considering this proposal, in what way and under what conditions action of the kind suggested would be effective.

The Statement goes on to outline the working of interest rates in a freely moving system and to recall the indispensable bases and conditions for successful operation of the system. In international relations, Britain's balance of payments had to be in continuing equilibrium, subject to no more than occasional, marginal disturbance. Secondly, the international functions of London demanded the maintenance of substantial monetary reserves. Finally, the gold standard system presupposed complete freedom of exchange transactions, whether for current trade or for the transference of capital or liquid funds, and full convertibility of sterling and other major currencies, together with an unquestioned assumption of fixity of exchange parities. Turning to internal requirements, there evidently had to be a high degree of flexibility of costs and prices in industry and trade—a necessity which entailed, among other things, mobility of labour as one important element in costs, particularly for the export trade. Secondly, industry and trade had to be free to manage their raw material and other stocks, their output and their buying and selling operations in fulfilment of their own policies, shaped by their independent judgment of market conditions and prospects. And lastly, there had to be an open market for capital and credit, with free access thereto for both borrowers and lenders.

RELEVANCE TO CURRENT CONDITIONS

One need hardly do more than list the requirements in order to see that they are almost completely lacking to-day. This being so, we are at least entitled to question whether an all-round rise in interest rates would serve the purpose of strengthening the country's international position or combating inflationary pressure. Let us, then, look a little more closely at the probable consequences of such action. First, a rise in rates would not attract international funds to London while exchange control, largely on a bilateral basis, obstructs free outward movement; and overseas borrowing in London is already so closely controlled that deterrents by way of increased charges are not required. The charging of higher interest would be unlikely to cause liquidation of stocks or bring about a decline in prices, to which in any event there are formidable obstacles outside the monetary field. Further, long-term borrowings, whether by new capital issues or otherwise, are controlled in accordance with national policy and the scale of priorities ruling for the time being, so that direct curtailment is a more effective form of restraint than a rise in interest rates. Whether higher rates would induce a freer flow of investible funds by encouraging saving is doubtful in the light of experience.

On the other side of the account, even approved projects, of high priority in the interests of economic recovery, would be made to bear the burden of higher interest charges. The running costs of industry and trade, so far as they depend on bank credit, would be increased and this at a time when the upward pressure on costs from other directions is already hard to resist, and when margins of profit are narrowing. The financial burden of carrying the public debt, both local and national, would be enlarged, with further weakening of the disinflationary effects of a budget surplus. It is, moreover, characteristic of a rise in interest rates that the instrument is a rough and ready one, operating without any assuredly rational discrimination between one element in demand and another. With these disadvantages to be reckoned in the balance, it is difficult to see how any case remains for an all-round raising of interest rates in present conditions.

REGULATION OF BANK ADVANCES

My conclusion is that disinflation has to be sought along other lines. Yet we need to be careful in selecting the right kind of action. It might perhaps be thought, for example, that a deliberate contraction of bank lending would be a suitable means of enforcing disinflation. True it is that bank advances have been increasing ever since the end of the war, until by November, 1949, they had roughly doubled in amount. This movement, however, has been regulated throughout by reference to the indications of national policy given from time to time by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, and there can be little room for any "squeezing out" by resort to some new process of contraction.

A short time ago a re-examination was made of the reasons for enlarged borrowing from the banks, and it may be useful to summarise them. First, the switch-over from war- to peace-economy meant that a large volume of production and distribution formerly financed by Government, as by the system of progress payments, had now to be privately financed. Then again the rehabilitation of many branches of business which had undergone severe contraction called for reinstated credit facilities, as did the gradual reconstitution of stocks of goods required for the smooth operation of industry and trade. The encouragement of developing enterprise and the reconstruction of basic industries entailed heavy bank lending, while large demands have been forthcoming to meet the programme of expansion in agriculture, the imperative needs of export trade and the requirements of the building industry. Behind all these factors making for enlargement of business demands for credit has been the upward trend of costs of raw materials, labour, social service contributions and other elements in trading and profit and loss accounts. The weight of taxation, too, has encroached upon the power of business undertakings to "plough back" profits in the process of self-financing. Moreover, the difficulty, in recent times, of raising new capital in the market even for purposes fully approved in the national interest, has stretched the resources of many undertakings, causing them to lean more heavily on the banks for short-term accommodation. As for public authorities, local government bodies have borrowed more from the banks, especially to finance their building and other works pending the receipt of long-term loans, while the absorption of many private undertakings into nationalised corporations has by no means extinguished the need for bank credit in the current operation of the industries concerned.

With all this in mind, it would seem the reverse of wisdom for the banks to undertake, or to be required to undertake, any deliberate and general contraction of the credit facilities extended in accordance with national policy as officially defined. Such action could not fail to impede the flow of production and distribution, into the export as well as the home markets; and many undertakings would be pressed inescapably into difficulties the issue of which must be restricted operation, unemployment and the deferment of many projects contributing to industrial efficiency and enterprise in overseas markets. Incidentally, curtailment of bank credit might well force business undertakings to sell their remaining gilt-edged securities thereby contributing to a still further lowering of values. Thus, while in present circumstances a levering-up of interest rates would be likely to prove ineffective in achieving the ultimate aim of economic stability, direct and forcible credit contraction would deal only with symptoms, and might well have grave results exactly opposite to those desired.

CARDINAL QUESTION OF POLICY

What the circumstances require is reduced consumption or the selective curtailment of capital construction, or both, and I have tried to show that higher interest rates would be of very doubtful efficacy in either deterring capital projects or encouraging increased saving, while severe and general restriction of bank credit would almost certainly obstruct the further expansion of the output of industry.

The cardinal question of national economic policy remains to-day what it has been all through the post-war period: it is the question whether drastic action to curtail current domestic demands upon our productive resources can be any longer deferred, or whether the best means of avoiding that curtailment is not by giving industry greater latitude, in more flexible conditions than now obtain, to take such measures as are required to raise the general level of efficiency in production and distribution, and thus to enlarge the national output at a more rapid rate than has been attainable hitherto.

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occur on (or in) the river is clearly indicated; how it occurs and which of these people are the most direct victims of tragedy it is not necessary for a reviewer to say.

Admirable as *The Boat* is, it is not a wholly satisfying or convincing novel. It contains comedy, tragedy, satire and fantasy, and they don't always mix. Magda, for instance, is a fashionable Communist, and the satire on her Curzon Street cell belongs to a frothier, less fundamentally serious book; as satire it is a little too innocent, a little silly. Vera's political plotting, too, won't quite fit into a book of which the general tone is realistic; some of the episodes seem to have wandered out of Mr. Isherwood's Mortmere, and I have never felt that Mortmere lent itself to practical politics. Perhaps conscious that the various elements were not cohering, Mr. Hartley resorts on one occasion at least to desperate means, turning for his plot machinery to the improbable finding, in an old book, of a really hopelessly improbable letter. *The Boat* is, then, a book to be read for the best things in it, the portrait of Mrs. Purbright, the blending of the comic and the sinister, the sensibility and perception, and the mark which it bears, deeply impressed at some points and less deeply at others, but almost always perceptible, of a fine novelist's talent.

Aeolia might well be taken together with *The Boat* to illustrate, as historians and critics of the novel have so frequently, and rather querulously to do, the diversity of this art-form. It is a striking book, episodic, lyrical, and incantatory, belonging to another world from Mr. Hartley's, a world at once gentle and ferocious. "The tragedy of his expulsion from Anatolia," as Mr. Lawrence Durrell writes in his admirable preface, "still lies heavily on the heart of the modern Greek." It is more, Mr. Durrell adds, than the injustice, the cruelty, the madness of the whole episode which remain with him. "It is also a sense of lost richness, of lost peace of mind." *Aeolia* is a celebration and an elegy for this lost Eden, pastoral and archaic, with its farming and hunting, smuggling and banditry, danger and easy Homeric hospitality. We have the publisher's authority for its being partly autobiographical, but even without this authority one would deduce the fact from the timeless and vivid quality of these diamond-facets of childhood memory. The author's parents were prosperous farmers in the Kimindenia (it is the repetitive use of this place-name which contributes something of the incantatory quality), and he was brought up among the hunters, the travellers, the discursive Arabian Nights legends. It might have been in any period of European history, but in fact it was nearing 1914, and for the Anatolian Greeks this life was drawing towards its disastrous close. The plot of *Aeolia* is minimal: the narrator's thirteen-year-old sister falls in love with a hunter, who in turn falls in love with a girl from Scotland who has married into the community, and who, coming from a long way round the uncivilised fringe of Europe, and being as wild and daring, as fine a horseman and a better shot than any local, is by way of being the heroine of the book. There is also a good deal of violence and threatened violence; yet, somehow, as Mr. Durrell says, it is the balance and ease, the security and fulfilment of his childhood that Mr. Venezis evokes and impresses upon us.

By contrast with Mr. Venezis, Mr. Jiri Mucha, on the evidence of *Scorched Crop*, is one of those foreigners whom, with the kindest of intentions, but it may be with some slight ambiguity of effect, we assure that we should never take for one. It is not only that some of the characters in his book are British and that it is set partly in the British Army; even in the scenes set in Czechoslovakia there is, for better or for worse, little that is not pretty familiar. Mr. Mucha's young man who comes back from the war with an act of treachery (it is a personal treachery, not a national one) on his conscience, doesn't want to marry the girl he left behind him, hells around with another girl, eventually marries the original one out of pity, and finds (in the words of the blurb) "ultimate salvation"—he is very near to being a stock-character.

The situations diverge very little from those in many novels I have read about war experiences and their consequences, and it is difficult not to feel that if those experiences and consequences, which are presumably, for the writer, the most challenging and unexpected which he has ever undergone, do not call forth a first-class novel, then the writer cannot be a natural novelist. Despite competence and an occasional harsh and penetrating truthfulness, and despite some economical and fluent character-sketching, *Scorched Crop* does not, in my opinion, and taken as a whole, quite make the grade. J. D. SCOTT

Treasure in the Caribbean. By A. W. ACWORTH. *Pleiades Books.* 12*s* 6*d*.

How often do we hear tell of magnificent architectural treasures buried in improbable places—baroque palaces in Haiti, in China, in Brazil, fantasies in Sicily, follies on the Sea of Azov, Georgian architecture in the West Indies! Then when one sees them, how disappointing they almost always are, these urban sophistications unhappy in backwoods, these curiosities of coarse, provincial work. Seldom has our difficult, uncomfortable journey been worth while. If only there had been a book about it all! The Secretary of the Georgian Group performs a useful service with his study of Georgian buildings in the West Indies. No need to have illusions any longer about this nice, unassuming work, the tropical equivalent of some small West Country town. Local requirements and the climate modified the traditional forms of English classical architecture and indigenous mannerisms grew up. The pleasing style that evolved is evident in several of the handsome eighteenth-century buildings, which the prosperity of these islands encouraged; but none of them compares in design, quality or importance with contemporary American Colonial work. Ultimately the Emancipation in 1834 and Free Trade in 1846 struck death blows at the islands' fortunes. Many buildings were left to perish; hurricanes, earthquakes, a plethora of fires, blew, shook or burnt down a lot of the rest. Mr. Acworth gives a short, lucid account of what has survived. Unfortunately he omits much factual information about the origin of buildings and architects themselves. Presumably little is available although he neglects to say so. Still, a perusal of naval and military records might have been rewarding. Also it is regrettable that the author has not given any description or illustrations of "the magnificent plaster-work dating from c. 1840 . . .the work of Italians who were brought to the island for the purpose."

What is Life? By J. B. S. HALDANE. *Lindsay Drummond.* 6*s*.

How do we breathe? How do muscles work and where do nerves come in? Which comes first, the Chicken or the Egg? Is marriage between cousins desirable? These are some of the "subjects" discussed in Professor Haldane's *What Is Life?* If this sounds like popular science at its lowest level that is because they are newspaper articles reprinted, mostly from the *Daily Worker*; and newspaper editors seem always to take the lowest view of their public's capacity for attention. In fact Professor Haldane's articles are simple, straightforward, thorough within the space allowed, and informative without ever being dull. They cover the elementary workings of the body, some problems of heredity and environment and some general aspects of the relations between Science and Society. Though strictly for the ignoramus and not strictly making a book, this collection will be useful for those who like to fill in their off moments with something factual. Professor Haldane's politics do not obtrude.

English Picnics. By GEORGINA BATTISCOMBE. *Harvill Press.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

In 1799, the Wordsworths moved to Grasmere and at about the same time the unreasonable liking of the English for *al fresco* meals, despite the changeable climate, quickened. Mrs. Battiscombe links the two events and points out that it was "between the years 1800 and 1802" that the word "picnic" was added to the English language. She does not confine herself to 19th-century picnics and records numerous examples from the dark ages before the term was invented. As a result of her faithfulness to the romantic origin of the word, however, she reproaches the Georgian picnic with a lack of simplicity though she appreciates elaboration wherever else it appears—in an Elizabethan hunt breakfast or in Water Rat's breathless menu in *The Wind in the Willows*. Mrs. Battiscombe is widely read and her gallimaufrey (as she justly describes it) is entertaining though her style is not persuasive. She quotes generously from a slightly too catholic range of books, including George Turbervile's *Noble Arte of Venerie*, Charlotte M. Yonge's *Six Cushions*, *The Enchanted Garden*, Nelly Weeton's diary, and, of course, Mrs. Beeton. Mrs. Beeton's *Bill of Fare for a Picnic for Forty Persons* includes a joint of cold roast beef and another of boiled beef, two ribs of lamb, two shoulders of lamb, six medium sized lobsters, and, among the beverages, three dozen quart bottles of ale, six bottles of sherry, two of brandy, and "champagne to taste." It is a pleasure of *English Picnics* to find such splendours juxtaposed with, say, Wordsworth and his brother setting off, "cold pork in their pockets." The Victorian was the Golden Age of picnics, when it was possible for a party from the British Association to linger so long over "the splendid collation in the tent" that the newly discovered Barrow, the occasion of their journey, remained unvisited. There are many such agreeable stories in Mrs. Battiscombe's book.

English Town Crafts. By NORMAN WYMER. *Batsford.* 15*s*.

Mr. Norman Wymer is a practised writer on English crafts so we regret the more sharply the short-comings of his new book. The sub-title of *English Town Crafts*—"A Survey of Their Development from Early Times to the Present Day"—leads us to expect more then the author has to offer. No panorama of the subject emerges, no sense of the complex urban background, only a succession of conventional tableaux, often of interest in themselves, but suffering from Mr. Wymer's lack of a clear historical focus. An ominous, though less conspicuous, flaw is Mr. Wymer's undiscriminating aesthetic which leaves him unaware, for example, of the deficiencies of modern stained glass. The individual essays on some thirty-four crafts, which make up the body of the book, though uncoordinated, are often informative; in particular those on the Clock-Maker, the Organ-Maker, and, unobtrusively important, "the Producers of Horse-Hair," who are responsible not only for the stuffing for mattresses and upholstery but who also supply haircloth for judicial and theatrical wigs, whips, sporrans, and window blinds for South African railways. Mr. Wymer's compound of conventional research and first-hand observation of surviving crafts is echoed faithfully by his numerous illustrations which consist of photographs of craftsmen at work and an arbitrary choice of early engravings.

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DEVALUATION A LEAP IN THE DARK
THE HON. RUPERT BECKETT'S VIEWS

The Statement by the Hon. Rupert E. Beckett, Chairman of Westminster Bank Limited, has been circulated to shareholders with the Report and Accounts for the year ended December 31, 1949, which will be presented at the Annual General Meeting at the Head Office on Wednesday, February 15. The following is a summary of the Statement.

THE ACCOUNTS

Our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts shew a decrease, as compared with 1948, of £30 million, arising in the main from the withdrawal, as expected, of a few lodgments which had been built up for special use in 1949. Naturally we have had to face a severe fall in the prices of Gilt-edged Securities. I am pleased to be able to assure you that our internal funds have been adequate to meet the current depreciation of our Gilt-edged investments. Obviously these funds are not inexhaustible, and it is our wish to do all we can to rebuild them after the heavy charge which the year 1949 has inflicted upon them. It seems to me that the political accusation that the City deliberately "talks down" British credit is absolutely fatuous, considering the adverse effects that such fall in credit has on the investment position of the banks.

The year's working has resulted in a profit of £1,460,557, which is an increase on last year of some £29,000, and will be disposed of as set out in the Directors' Report. We have thought it wise to enlarge our inner funds by a transfer of £600,000 as an additional appropriation to Reserves for Contingencies. Our affiliated institution in Ireland, the Ulster Bank, continues to make consistent progress. The Profits show an increase on the previous year.

DISAPPOINTING SETBACKS

The severe setbacks the country experienced in 1949 in the economic field were the more disappointing because of the moderate optimism that seemed to be justified at the beginning of the year. At the turn of the year the gold and dollar deficit had been brought within the amount of the American aid currently received; and this was encouraging as appearing to ensure that at least we should not have to draw further on our reserves.

It was not until the second quarter of the year that there were unmistakable signs of impending difficulties. At the end of June the dollar reserve was found to have fallen sharply. In the second quarter United Kingdom exports had fallen and imports had risen, particularly in trade with the Western Hemisphere. No less important for the state of the reserve, the same deterioration had occurred in the Sterling Area generally. By September, when the loss of reserves became intolerable, it was too late for remedial action, and devaluation of the pound became inevitable as the only means of safeguarding what reserves remained.

NEED FOR ECONOMY

Devaluation was a leap in the dark which the circumstances we had allowed to develop forced us to take. It raises the cost of living by increasing the prices of many essential imports. At the same time it permits reductions in the selling prices of our exports in terms of dollars; but we cannot say yet whether total dollar receipts will be greater than before.

The troubles which could be cured by our own policies, and which must receive urgent attention if we are to avoid further calamities, can be reduced ultimately to two; inflation and unrequited exports.

For my present purpose, it is sufficient to use the term "inflation" as meaning the overstraining of resources by the release of too much purchasing power. It is clear that the only practicable means of curtailing purchasing power is a cut in Government expenditure. The measures adopted by the Government may be expected to go some way towards checking inflation, but unless home demand is reduced by means of much larger economies the inducement to divert goods to hard-currency markets will be inadequate.

To meet the need for more dollar exports by diverting goods from other markets may be the only possible course for the present, but the problem can be permanently solved only by an increase in production. The increases which have already occurred, encouraging though they are, are still not enough to meet the needs of the situation.

UNREQUITED EXPORTS

The high level of demand for British goods in the Sterling Area is bound up with the problem of unrequited exports. Substantial quantities of our exports are bringing in no imports in return, but constitute exports of new capital and the repayment of past indebtedness. The debts we are repaying are the sterling balances accumulated by other countries during the war. We appreciate the need for capital equipment of the creditor countries, and the difficulties with which they are at present contending. But there is clearly a limit to what we can afford to pay out with one hand while we are obliged to take gratuitous aid or loans with the other.

The state of the gold and dollar reserve at the end of 1949 was more satisfactory than had been expected, even after allowing for temporary influences. A good deal of the increase in reserves was fairly attributable to a permanent reduction in our trading deficit with the dollar area. We welcome the increase in our reserves; but we should be wrong to think that it does more than give a foothold while we gather strength for the rest of the climb.

INTERNAL CONDITIONS

The question arises whether the internal organisation of our economy is likely to prove equal to the demands now being made upon it. In some ways it is developing in a manner that threatens to render it singularly ill-fitted for the task. Never has the desire for leisure been stronger than today, when the circumstances clearly call for harder work by all. But there are exceptions. There have been many welcome reports during the past year of special efforts by groups of workers—often within a single firm—which show clearly what can be done when the right spirit prevails. On the other hand there have been numerous unofficial strikes. Part of the explanation of unofficial strikes is sheer irresponsibility in the minority played upon, no doubt, by deliberate mischief-making. If the Unions are unable or unwilling to discipline their members, and the normal reaction of workers to the slightest feeling of grievance is to threaten the public with discomfort and inconvenience and sometimes serious dislocation of trade; and, above all, if unofficial strikers think that they can exact concessions by such methods, then the whole system of official negotiation in trade disputes will be stultified.

THE WELFARE STATE

Of recent years we have witnessed a change from the conception of the State as an impartial umpire in economic affairs to that of the State as the guarantor of a certain standard of material welfare. Much of the progress that has accompanied this change of ideas has been entirely desirable in itself. But the Welfare State has so far remained an organisation for distribution; its productive function has not yet received much consideration. The time has come when, if this latest Utopia is not to go the way of earlier models, attention must be transferred to the less attractive side.

What does 1950 hold in store? The overriding influence which for too long has kept our economic affairs in a state of suspense has been uncertainty in the political sphere. But the date of the General Election has now been announced. When the election is over it may be hoped that the period of temporary expedients will be at an end, and that a determined attack on our economic problems will at last be made. There is no more reason today than there has been at any time in the past to doubt the ability and willingness of the British people to do all that is required of them provided they have the measure of the task and are given a strong lead.

I end on a personal note. It has been my honour and privilege to address Westminster Bank Shareholders either by word of mouth or by the written word for the past twenty years. The time has now come when it is advisable that younger heads should take control of our great institution.

On this last occasion I testify with a full heart to the unswerving help and support I have always received from my fellow Directors, Officers and Staff of all ranks.

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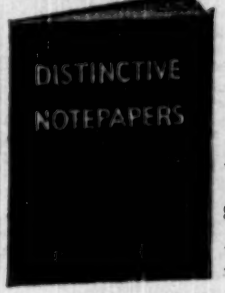

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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT ENGLAND AND WALES

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,041

Set by Richard Lister

Magazines nowadays have the habit of including potted biographies of their new contributors (e.g., "bespectacled, left-wing ex-schoolmaster, he is 45, was educated at Harrow, is well known as a question-master in the B.B.C., prefers cats to dogs, etc."). Competitors are asked to imagine that any one of the following is a new contributor to a magazine and to write for him a potted biography of this kind. Limit 100 words. Carlyle, John Buchan, Lord Houghton, Tennyson, D. H. Lawrence, Swinburne, Conan Doyle, Ernest Dowson, W. S. Gilbert, Bradlaugh, Marie Corelli. Entries by February 7th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,038

Set by Macdonald Hastings

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to write an epitaph of not more than 20 lines on the late *Strand Magazine*.

Report by Macdonald Hastings

An epitaph can take a variety of forms, but that of a newspaper obituary is hardly one of them. This ruled out several entries. Some competitors would have done well to remember that 20 lines was the maximum, not the prescribed, length; an idea that might neatly point a couplet or quatrain raises only slightly the average worth of twenty lines mostly poor in quality. On the other hand a few specimens of really bad verse, like those that sometimes brighten the dullest cemeteries, might have set the adjudicator a problem; but there weren't any so delightfully bad as that.

Entrants who knew their *Strand* were preferred to those who contented themselves with generalised praise and lamentation. What about those whose knowledge was specific but not wholly accurate? (*e.g.*, Kipling is correct, but not *Kim*; Cutcliffe Hyne, but not *Captain Kettle*). Epitaphs are often works of imagination; they have to be; but if the deceased had his own virtues it is better to praise those than endow him with false ones.

After excluding from the final draw the least truly epitaphic entries, I recommend awarding two guineas each to Pithecus and Hassall Pitman, and a guinea each to L. E. J. and James Y. Finlayson. Honourable mention: R. J. P. Hewison, Guy Kendall, Isabel Finlayson, Thomas Chitty, Colin Shaw, Puck, H. B., and Ariadne Duvine.

Here lie, 'twixt covers closed at last,
How many memories of the past,
When monthly from that well-loved blue
Great heroes sprang, both old and new.
Let others celebrate each feat
That consecrated Baker Street;
Or hymn in one last funeral ditty
The old Night Watchman, and Bob Pretty;
Or raise a paean for that bland
Siren,—the Sorceress of the *Strand*;
Or, like old port from vintage bin,
From the Brass Bottle pour the Djinn.
For me much brighter still I find
Those darlings of the gods enshrined
Who found the Psammead in the sand,
Or bought that carpet second-hand
Whence the egged Phoenix rolled to spire
Bright-plumaged from the nursery fire.
Nesbit, your magazine is gone,
But in my heart it still lives on.

PITHECUS

Give pause, O passer-by; you stand
Before the tombstone of *The Strand*
Which saw five monarchs fill the throne
And ruled a kingdom all its own.
Let memory waken as you gaze
Recalling its historic days
With photo-pages picturing scores
Of big men in their pinafores,
The frontispiece of azure hue
Displaying its familiar view,
The Old Night Watchman as he sat
With paunch and pipe and steeple-hat,
Old Challenger who would regale
Us with The Lost World's monstrous tale
When pungent pterodactyls flew
In Albert Hall. Remember too
Gaunt Sherlock of the Speckled Band—
Then hide wet eyes with shaking hand
All gone! The barbarous decree
Ruthless has fallen. R.I.P.

HASSALL PITMAN

Here lies the *Strand*, whose best-remembered feat
It was to make immortal *Baker Street*.

L. E. J.

"The editor regrets . . ." ah, grief effected
By those three words, O *Strand*, in one rejected!
Forgive the hopes you would not then abet.
Accept in turn my pardon and regret.
We'll trust to take another Editor's hand,
—No devil there!—upon another Strand.

JAMES Y. FINLAYSON

Here lies a magazine we thought (forsooth)
Had found the secret of eternal youth.
Scarce sixty years had touched its golden head
With sager silver—and *The Strand* was dead.
Not failing circulation stopt its breath,
Nor lack of paper—many a journal's death.
Rather 'twas killed for want, the cynics say,
Of golden eggs it could no longer lay.
With bardic laurel, funerary yew
Heap high the tomb: let Newnes provide the rue.

R. J. P. HEWISON

Gone, trampled under Time's philistine feet
The hansom's leisurely progress down the street,
Gas-lamps, the bowler hat, the trailing skirt
(Greedy collector of half London's dirt)
And gone the eager wandering salesman; bless
That ardour of the youthful W.H.S.!
Between those grey-blue covers what lay hid?
More joy than flew past Pandora's lid,
—Jacobs' best "seven years," Wells just striking oil,
But most the feverishly awaited Doyle.
Think of *The Musgrave Ritual*, *Silver Blaze*;
Those were the never-again, heroic days;
"D'you see it, Watson?"—one knee on the bed,
The right arm swings a cane above his head—
The Speckled Band! And once the maddening text
Ended, "to be continued in our next";
Schoolboys were known to make a sweepstake—winner
To be the one who drew the guilty sinner.
"Touch the bell, Doctor . . . here too the chief feature
Will be a bird"—ah yes, no mortal creature!

GUY KENDALL

Along this thoroughfare of letters travelled
He who the threads of mystery unravelled,
And he, the kindly Scot, who wove thereafter
A triple homespun, whimsy, tears and laughter;
And he . . . and he . . . O, in this magazine lay
An armoury of authors grave and gay;
Yet none dared write, for *finis* to a story,
Progress' imperative, *memento mori*.
And now the young, on tabloids trained, succeed
Their sires and grandsires who had learned to read,
Who chose, to speed their journeyings by train,
To cheer their couch of indolence or pain,
A well-told tale, demanding elbow-room.
Such friends must part; some seek beyond the tomb
Scheherezade for an eternal lover,
While others turn the old bound volumes over,
And read again, till from the last hand fall
The last *Strand Magazine* . . . back numbers all.

ISABEL FINLAYSON

Hark, the herald angels sing
Horizon's for the Heavenly King;
This England's green and pleasant land
Shall print no more the pocket *Strand*.
We are having quite a spate
of literary hari-kiri;
Hurry, *Time and Tide* won't wait;
Statesman, art thou weary?

THOMAS CHITTY

CHESS: Short Cut to the End

No. 21

I think it was Maugham who said that every proper story must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. This probably applies to anything organically grown, certainly to a game of chess. Yet, we are fascinated by brevities plunging to an abrupt end when the game has barely passed its opening phase. What is so fascinating about them? It may be the dramatic poignancy of Nemesis inexorably punishing some trifling slip; or it may be our inherent *schadenfreude*; or just our laziness. (To play over a brevity one needn't set up the pieces.)

It is wrong to assume that only duffers suffer the ignominy of a speedy knockout. The victim may well be a famous master. Here is how the great Reti (1922) was floored by Joseph Krejcik.

(1) P-Q4	P-KB4	(6) B-Q2	Q-K2
(2) P-QB4	Kt-KB3	(7) Kt-Q5	B x B ch
(3) Kt-QB3	P-K4	(8) Q x B	Q-QB4
(4) P x KP	Kt-Kt5	(9) P-K3	O-O
(5) Kt-KB3	B-QKt5	(10) P-QKt4	resigns

The next game (Vienna 1921) was also won by Krejcik, and not against a duffer either, the victim being Takacz.

(1) P-K4	P-Q4	(4) P-Q3	P x P
(2) Kt-KB3	P x P	(5) B x P	Q x KtP
(3) Kt-Kt5	Q-Q4	(6) B-K4	resigns

Here—Ulrich-Spengler, Berlin 1949—comes a "Mate in 9" (starting from the basic position).

(1) P-Q4	P-KKt3	(6) Kt-Kt5 ch	K-B3
(2) Kt-KB3	B-Kt2	(7) Q-B3 ch	K x Kt
(3) P-K3	P-Q3	(8) P-K4 ch	K-R5
(4) B-QB4	QKt-Q2	(9) Q-R3 mate	
(5) B x P ch	K x B		

After such frivolous opening trifles it seems only fitting that we should offer competitors some more solid mastication in the shape of three sound end-game studies.

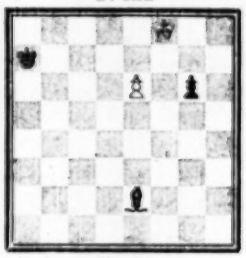
A: Niemzovicz

In A and B White is to win.

B: Duras

In Reti's little masterpiece White secures the draw.

C: Reti



Usual prizes. Entries by February 6.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 17

A: Black wins by (14) . . . . R-B8ch (15) Kt-Q1, Q x QP! etc. If (15) Kt-B1, Black exchanges Queens and wins a piece by B-Q4+ followed by B-B5.

B: (16) . . . KR-Kt1 (17) QR-R1, K-B1 (18) R-R8 ch, K-K2 (19) Kt x B ch, K-Q2! (20) R x R, R x R (21) Kt x RP, Q x KKtP and Black wins.

The percentage of total or partial failure being unusually high, these two seem to have been more difficult than they looked. Correct solutions from E. Allen, J. L. Teicher and B. Willis. Prizes shared between J. H. Beaty and M. Kaye for particularly painstaking analyses, and F. Rhoden for discovering an adequate if less elegant "sideline" in one of the Zuckertort-Steinitz variations.

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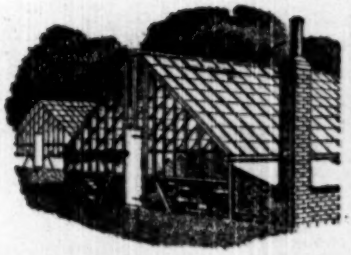

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

CAMBRIDGE Institute of Education: Directorship. The Governors will shortly proceed to the appointment of the first Director of the Cambridge Institute of Education. The post is open to candidates of either sex, and the person appointed will be required to assume office as soon as possible, and in any event not later than Oct. 1, 1950. There are eight Training Colleges in the Institute area, in addition to the University Department of Education, and the purpose of the Institute is to foster close relations between them and so to further the training of teachers in the area. The Director, as the Institute's chief administrative officer, will be expected to devote himself to these objects and to promote research in education. The annual stipend attached to the Directorship will be £1,950 (pensionable). Children's allowances of £30 a year (non-pensionable) will be paid in respect of each dependent child under the age of sixteen or in receipt of full-time education. The officer appointed will be required to become a member of the Federated Superann. System for Universities. Candidates for the Directorship are requested to send their applics. (twelve copies), marked "confidential," to the Secretary of the Department of Education, 17 Brookside, Cambridge, to an to reach him on or before Feb. 15, 1950. Applics. should include names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made. No testimonials need be sent.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Lectureship in Moral Philosophy. Applications are invited for the Lectureship in Moral Philosophy. Salary £800 × £50—£1,100, placing according to qualifications and experience, with F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowances. The University pays a proportion of furniture removal expenses. Applications to be lodged by February 28, 1950. Forms of application and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned. H. J. Butchart, Secretary, University of Aberdeen.

THE University of Liverpool. Applics. are invited for following posts in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. (a) Junior Staff Tutors in Economics, Music, Psychology, Social Science, at a salary scale of £450–£25–£500 p.a., or (b) Staff Tutors in Economics, Music, Psychology and Social Science, at a salary scale of £550–£30–£900 p.a. The initial salary to be fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Applics., stating age, academic qualifics. and exp., together with names of three referees, should be received not later than March 4, 1950, by the undersigned, from whom further partics. of the conditions may be obtained. Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

CITY and County of Bristol Education Committee: Child Guidance Clinic. (1) Psychiatric Social Worker. Applics. invited for appointment as Psychiatric Social Worker to the Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or other approved certificate; previous exp. in child guidance desirable. National Scale salary, viz., £370 by £20 to £510. Commencing salary dependent on previous exp. Applic. forms and further partics. obtainable from undersigned and should be returned as soon as possible with copies of two recent testimonials. (2) Assistant Educational Psychologist. Applics. invited for appointment as Assistant Educational Psychologist (man or woman) in connection with the Child Guidance Clinic and the city schools. Salary, from £350 by £25 increments to £500, women £495 by £20 increments to £560 p.a. Previous exp. may be taken into consideration in determining the commencing salary. Candidates should possess an Hons. or Research Degree in Psychology with exp. in teaching children. Pref. given to candidates who have had practical exp. of work in a Clinic or of research in child psychology. There are three psychologists on the staff at present and this is an additional appointment. Applic. forms obtainable from undersigned. G. H. Sylvester, Chief Educ. Officer, Council House, College Green, Bristol, 1.

WORCESTERSHIRE C.C. Education Committee. Applics. are invited for appointment to the following posts: Full-time leader of the Bristnall Hall Youth Club, Oldbury. This is a large mixed youth club meeting in school premises which serves an industrial area. Full-time leader of the Neville Avenue Youth Club, Kidderminster. This is a mixed club meeting in newly-built premises. Full-time warden of the Worcester Cross Club, Kidderminster. This is a large mixed club for youths and young adults meeting in its own premises. Applicants should have appropriate experience. Salary £190 × £15 × £455, or in accordance with the Burnham Scale where applicable. The posts are superannuable. Forms of application will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. R. Y. Logan, Director of Education, County Education Office, Castle St., Worcester. (E230).

THE Y.W.C.A. requires Club Leaders and Assistants (young women) for leisure-time youth clubs in all parts of the country. Some training or relevant experience necessary. Salaries from £370 non-resident for young assistants up to £420 non-resident for more senior posts. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Great Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 require a M. of L. permit.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews will begin in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first or second class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary scales for men in London, Senior Scientific Officer, £700—£900; Scientific Officer, £400 × £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2887.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the following appointments: Youth Employment Officer for Sutton and Banstead. Salary A.P.T. II-IV, £420 to £525 per annum, plus London allowance. Youth Employment Officer for Redhill and Oxted. Salary A.P.T. III-IV, £450 to £525 per annum. Youth Employment Officer for Dorking. Salary A.P.T. II-III, £420 to £495 per annum. Candidates should show themselves qualified in at least two of the following respects: (a) Experience in Youth Employment. (b) Industrial experience. (c) University Degree or Diploma. (d) Administrative experience. Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed (2½*d.*) envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

KENT C.C. Children's Committee. Doddington Children's Home. Applications are invited for the following appointments to the Doddington Children's Home, Doddington, Sittingbourne, Kent, which it is hoped to open shortly for the accommodation of 25 children between the ages of 3 and 15 years. This Home will open as an intermediate Home and will later become a Reception Unit where children will be observed and assessed before permanent placing. The work will be experimental and of special interest to those anxious to discover new methods of promoting the well-being of children deprived of a normal home life. Superintendent. For this post teaching or other special qualifications are required and the salary scale will be fixed accordingly but at a minimum of £250 × £15 to £295 a year plus full residential emoluments valued at £120 a year. Matron, who should possess some nursing or other suitable qualification, salary being within scale £220 × £15 to £250 plus full residential emoluments valued at £120 a year. It is hoped to make a joint appointment for these two posts. House Mother: Wages £5 1*s.* a week less £1 3*s.* a week in respect of board, lodging, uniform and laundry. Application forms from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, not later than January 31, 1950. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

COUNTY Borough of Brighton. Education Committee. Applications invited for appointment as Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs). Initial salary within the scale according to the experience of the appointed candidate. The appointment is superannuable. The Psychiatric Social Worker will be required to devote two-thirds of her time to child guidance work under the Education Committee and one-third to adult cases under the Brighton and Lewes Hospital Management Committee. Training and experience in child guidance methods essential, together with an interest in the development of psychiatric social work in relation to adult psychotherapy. The appointed candidate will work at the Home Clinic, Princes Street, Brighton, a newly organised department where special accommodation and facilities are available. She will also be required to work at hospitals within the Brighton and Lewes group as may be required from time to time. Applications to be sent to the Education Officer, 54 Old Steine, Brighton, two weeks from appearance of advertisement. J. G. Drew, Town Clerk.

WARDENS (female) required for agricultural hostels in Surrey. Experience of catering and knowledge of Ministry of Food returns essential. Applications in writing, stating age and full details of previous experience, to Hostels Officer, S.C.A.E.C. 'Elgin,' London Rd., Guildford.

EDUCATIONAL publishers require senior shorthand typist. Must be able to supervise staff, and work on own initiative. 5-day week. State salary required and previous experience. Box 4536.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

OFFICERS in the Women's Royal Air Force: The W.R.A.F. has vacancies for young women aged 19 to 36 to be commissioned as officers subject to passing a selection and medical board. The vacancies are under two schemes: Scheme 1. In the following branches—Technical (Engineering, Armament, Signals), Educational, Catering, Equipment (Stores procedure and movement of flight and Personnel) and Secretarial (Accounting, Administration, Intelligence and Personnel Selection). Applicants must possess a University degree or the Intermediate examination of certain professional bodies or practical professional experience. Scheme 2. For young women educated to at least school certificate standard who are considered suitable for officer training in the Secretarial and Equipment branches. Successful candidates will be engaged on important and worthwhile work, have facilities for sport and games, the opportunity to travel abroad and normally 30 days' leave a year. Officers pay starts at £178 p.a., rising after approximately 20 months' service to £205 p.a., and to £315 after about 5½ years. In addition furnished accommodation and rations are provided or an allowance made in lieu. Uniform allowance on entry. Gratuity is £65 for each year of service for short service officers; pension of £250 upwards for long service. Full details from: The Under Secretary of State, Air Ministry, A.R.1, Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

OXFORDSHIRE C.C. Children's Department. Morland House, Wheatley, Oxon. Applics. invited from married couples for post of Superintendent and Matron at above home which is to be opened in March, 1950, as a reception home for 24 children aged 4-16. The Superintendent must be trained in Child Care or in Child Education, the Matron should pref. have some nursing experience. Salaries are laid down in the Natl. Joint Council's Scales as follows: Superintendent, £250 × £15—£295; Matron, £220 × £15—£250. Full residential emoluments are provided. There is no accomm. for staff children. Appointment is superannuable, and subject to medical exam. Applic. forms are obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, and should be returned not later than Feb. 6, 1950. F. G. Scott, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

SKILLED negotiator with knowledge of iron and steel and fuel and power industries required, to conduct negotiations on behalf of foremen and technicians employed in those industries. Successful applicant will be required to reside in Birmingham. The post will carry a salary of £10 per week, rising to £12 per week. Full particulars of education, industrial trial, trade union, negotiating and political experience, etc., should be forwarded to The General Secretary, Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives and Technicians, 110 Park St., London, W.1, by not later than Feb. 10.

TWO Froebel or similar trained mistresses in May, 5-6 and 6-7 age groups. One handwork and/or musical ability. 2 or 3 years' experience preferred. Able to take Brownie Pack a help. Bus route. Essex. Non-resident accomm. yet. Burnham scale. Box 4374.

ACKWORTH School, nr. Pontefract, Yorks. (Co-educ. boarding school conducted by the Society of Friends.) Required for May, Mistress to teach German to H.S.C. & Scholarship standard. Salary Burnham Scale less £80 for residence. Applics. with testimonials to the Headmistress as soon as possible.

YOUTH Hostels Association (England and Wales). Applications are invited for the post of Secretary. Commencing salary of £800 per annum. Forms of application are available on request to the Secretary, Youth Hostels Association, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

WARDEN required for Stanley House Community Centre for Coloured People. Salary according to qualifications and experience, minimum £400. Free unfurnished flat provided, light and heat inclusive. Apply within 14 days, with full details and the names and addresses of three referees, to the Honorary Secretary, Stanley House, 130 Upper Parliament St. Liverpool, 8.

INSTITUTE of Certified Ambulance Personnel. Organising and general secretary required. Could be run from own home if central address and telephone. Salary open to negotiation. Details supplied on application. S.a.e. to Dr. Fox, 48 Wimpole St., W.1.

BARMAN-Secretary required for small informal Country Club in Sussex. Adaptability and intelligence important. Would suit retired man or edu. ex-foreigner who enjoys cheerful background. Box 4630.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED secy., shtd. typ., 20, requires post offering career with prospect of no sec duties after training. Box 4317.

EDUCATED, intelligent married woman, accept responsibility, sks. supervisory, organising, senior clerical work. (Not shorthand-typing.) Good salary reqd. Box 4360.

GRADUATE of Continental University, 41, bachelor, experience law, economics, statistics, business, electrical engineering, requires part-time employment. Own car and typewriter. Box 4328.

VERSATILE young woman graduate, attractive personality, well-travelled, wide business social and administrative exp., clean driving licence, highest refs., seeks post with prospects, London or N. America. Box 4309.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

EDITOR, wide exper. in mag. & book publishing in Canada & U.S.A., good knowledge of American material & markets, proficient in all usual printing technics, desires exec. position with publisher. Box 4324.

WOMAN journalist and barrister, experienced reporting, B.B.C. writing, editing and research, travelled, requires part-time work in London. Box 4241.

STAGE-trained playwright, young, intelligent, aspirant producer, seeks work in resident company where prev. exp. rep. not essential. Any genuine terms. Box 4326.

GERMAN lady with child 3 yrs., reqs. resident domestic position. Box 4286.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

HOUBLON-Norman Fund. The Trustees of the Houblon-Norman Fund invite applications for Fellowships or Grants in aid of research into the working of financial and business institutions in Great Britain and elsewhere and the economic conditions affecting them. Apart from exceptional cases, awards will be confined to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom and will take effect from October 1, 1950. Fellowships will be awarded for one year, renewable for a second year: and the amount of all awards will depend upon the circumstances of the candidate and the likely expenses of his work. Applications should be made not later than March 31 and forms of application may be obtained from Secretary of the Fund (H. C. B. Mynors), c/o Bank of England, London, E.C.2.

LEVERHULME Research Fellowships, 1950. Application is invited for Fellowships and Grants in aid of research. The Fellowships and Grants are intended for senior workers who are prevented by routine duties or pressure of other work from carrying out research. They are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom. In exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence. The Trustees are also prepared to consider applications from groups of workers engaged upon co-operative programmes of research particularly from those engaged upon long-distance programmes or in institutions in which the normal facilities for research have been curtailed by the war. The duration of the awards will not normally extend over more than two years or less than three months and the amount will depend on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant. Forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Dr. L. Hadow Tizard, M.C., Leverhulme Research Fellowships, 7 Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. Applications must be received on or before March 1, 1950. Awards will be announced in July and will date from September 1, 1950.

HUDSON'S Bay Scholarships. Applications are invited for two Scholarships to be awarded by the Trustees of the Hudson's Bay Company Scholarship Fund for study in Canada in 1950. The Scholarships are awarded to encourage the study of business administration, to contribute to the higher education of business executives and to strengthen the links between the business communities in Canada and the United Kingdom. The value of the Scholarships will be $1,800 (Can.) per annum plus return transportation expenses between the United Kingdom and Canada and the normal tenure will be one year, but in exceptional cases this may be extended to two years. The Scholarships are open to University Graduates, and candidates must be British-born subjects ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom who at the date of applying are over 23 years of age and have not passed their 30th birthday. Candidates will be selected by a Committee sitting in London, and no scholar will be elected without a personal interview. In exceptional cases the Selection Committee may recommend awards to candidates who are not University Graduates but who, in the opinion of the Committee, have other qualifications fitting them for the kind of study for which the Scholarships are designed. Full particulars and form of application, which should be submitted not later than February 21, 1950, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Hudson's Bay Scholarships, Beaver House, Great Trinity Lane, London, E.C.4.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

ELMTREES School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed., 4-12 yrs. Happy home life. Lovely surroundings. Modern education, progressive outlook, individual care.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ODAM Hill School: a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad, R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School, Day School, 38 Eton Ave. Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange pos. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed. 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for: (a) 40 Postgraduate Studentships in any faculty, each of the value of not less than £250 and tenable for one year. (b) George William Britt (Senior) Studentship in Modern Languages, of the value of £100* and tenable for one year. (c) William Gilles Research Fellowship (Faculty of Science). Value £120 for one year. (d) A number of Postgraduate Travelling Studentships tenable for one year. Value of Studentship will be fixed in each case. For Studentships under (a), (b) and (c) Graduates must be of not more than three years' standing; for Studentships under (d) Graduates must be under the age of 28. Applications for all above Studentships must be received not later than March 1, 1950. Forms and further particulars from Academic Registrar, Senate House, London, W.C.1. *In certain circumstances Ministry of Education may supplement up to a max. of £241.

PERSONAL

LONDON art student, married, one infant, desperately needs unfurnished accommodation, London area. Would teach drawing, painting, modelling, spare-time and vacations to children, adults. Box 4453.

DIRECTOR of leading publishing house requires personal (woman) secretary. Knowledge of advertising layouts useful. Good hours. Five-day week, progressive job for right candidate. Apply, stating age and experience, to Box 4580.

GRASS widow, 29, would like similar, preferably with child, share modern bungalow, West Sussex. Box 4358.

COMFORTABLE home and small salary offered to capable lady in return for help in running house. 35 Meadway, N.W.11.

A NATIONAL Society seeks a hotel or school for week-end Conference Whitsun or May 13. Sea or country, near London. Numbers 60-80. Reply Box 4707.

LOVERS of Lewis Carroll will hear something of interest if they write Box 4262.

LITTLE Theatre (amateur) has vacancies for experienced male acting members interested in intelligent theatre. Questors Theatre, Mattock Lane, Ealing, W.5.

NEW play wanted by amateur group for festival production. Script to Michael Reilly, 12a Primrose Gdns. N.W.3. PRI. 1565.

YOUNG sculptor is anxious to fill that empty niche in house or garden. Reasonable terms. PARK 5930.

YOUNG man offers 6 mths. devoted service any capacity exchange passage to Canada. Honest, reliable, ready at once. Box 4261.

POLISH male stud. req. adv. Eng. tuit. exch. German, elem. Russian. Box 4349.

FRENCH lady wants English-French conversation exchange. Box 4379.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Maida Vale 4657.

RUTH Holz, Photographer, Children's & Portraiture in your home. Primrose 4505.

REMEDIAL reading for backward children. Individual tuition. Lady. 1st Class B.A. (Psych.). MOU. 5416.

NEW Writers—you can secure personal tuition and constructive criticism from established screen, radio, theatre and T.V. authors and journalists. Write Box 4381.

WANTED. Stories and articles for American journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Co. Tipperary.

GOOD income can be made by story or article writing. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free, from Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Behnie Park Gdns. N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 5202.

Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

YOUNG State Registered Nurse wishes to accept appointments for massage, sun ray, and infra-red treatments. Phone RIV 3339 after 11 a.m., or PAD 9314 before. Write Robertson, 68 Westbourne Terrace, W.2.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rentals. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4, Tudor St. E.C.4.

SAGITTARIUS and Vicky Gallup round the constituencies in "Up the Poll—The Sap's Guide to The Election." 50 ills. 2s. 6d. Out to-day.

PERSONAL—*continued*

AFRICA at Easter. Join our party leaving London March 31 for Tunisia, visiting Tunis, Carthage, Gabes, Sfax and the edge of the Sahara. 19-day tour, £38 2s. all inclusive. Programme from Ramblers Assoc. 188 (V) West End Lane, N.W.6.

ITALIAN Riviera. Woman graduate will take few girls or children over 9 yrs. companions to town, April-Sept., own villa, 20gns. month, incl. bathing, excursions, fiestas, educl. sightseeing. Lessons arranged. Visits Rome, Florence, if desired. Box 4397.

SWISS Hols. for groups at low cost. Gissing, Salvan, Valais, Switzerland.

HOLIDAY Exchangers, Wangford, Beccles, Suff.; homes exchanged Easter onwards.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

CORSICA—"Isle de Beauté. The ideal summer holiday—exciting, inexpensive, quite out of the ordinary—has been devised by the Camp de l'Horizon for people who appreciate the wonderful climate, natural beauty and perfect freedom of this truly enchanted island. Excellent food, swimming, boating, excursions, congenial companions. Write, 'phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4 (City 7163-4).

PARIS in Spring is charming. Why not join small party for week's holiday Easter? Allways Travel, 20 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. Tem. 8702.

ERNA Lew's Social and Holiday Calendar February-March, 1950, including "holiday dance" Feb. 11, music week-end party" Feb. 24, and Austrian winter sports party Feb. 17. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0011.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

HALL, Leicester Sq., available for plays, films, lectures, classes, rehearsals, dinners, socials, dances. Apply Sec., Asian Inst., 17 Irving St., W.C.2. Whi. 3678.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club (for all nationalities). Lectures, Debates, Brains Trusts, Language Groups, Art Circle, Music Circle, Dramatic Group, Dances, Table Tennis, Foreign Tours, Sport, Rambles, etc. Sub. 21gns. p.a. Club Centre Marble Arch. Details from: 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL 5088.)

ASIAN Institute, for promotion of brotherhood and cultural relations, offers a central meeting place to all Asians in London. Membership also open to Non-Asians interested Asian affairs. Annl. subs. 21s., Students 10s. 6d., with full name, nationality & address, to D. P. Chaudhuri, Sec., 17 Irving St. W.C.2.

1,000,000 Shilling Fund to help fight organised cruelty to our wild animals. Send yours to Sec. (N.), League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee); unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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THE London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., will purchase for cash, exchange, or sell on commission, all serviceable types of Photographic and Optical Apparatus and Accessories in sound condition. Good prices allowed. Call, write or 'phone (City 4591) 35 Bucklersbury, Queen Victoria St. E.C.4. (Minute from Bank and Mansion House.)

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MISCELLANEOUS—*continued*

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ALL Leather Brief Cases. Brown. Superb quality and craftsmanship. Size 15in × 11in with 2 straps & triple lock. One pocket each 32s. 6d. Two pockets each 45s. Three pockets each 62s. 6d. Document Cases. Brown. Size 15in. × 10in. with 2-gn. zip. (a) All leather 70s. each. (b) Real hide 52s. 6d. each. Tax and post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 70), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3½gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.3. Self-contained flat, 2 mins. Harrods. Comprising 2 bed., 1 rec., hall, K. & B., Frig. Lease 7-14 years and complete contents, £2,500 or nearest offer. Alternative; purchase curtains, carpets, fittings, etc., £1,250 or nearest offer. Box 4400.

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TO let furnished: cottage, 2 bed., living-ing room, bath/kitchen, electricity & water, 7 miles Alton, Hants. Box 4301.

YOUNG architect and wife require, March/April, small or large furnished or unfurn. s.c. flat. Hampstead pref. Box 4388.

WOMAN and 6-year-old child require 2 rooms, unfurnished share kitchen, bath-room, situated between Marble Arch and Holland Park or Kensington, close transport. 'Phone Mrs. Levy, Paddington 4071.

TWO girls, Arch. student and Secretary, seek quiet double bed-sit. or small flat, part furn., N.W. London. Box 4407.

UNFURNISHED 2-3 roomed flat wanted. Up to £150 p.a. inclusive rental and £200 for fittings. Ring Wordsworth 4224.

YNG. man student (ex-R.N.), shs. well-furn. room in quiet house with piano, cultured atmos. Pref. yng. cple. London. Box 4254.

YOUNG New Zealand architect, marrying in February, wants unfurnished house or flat in London for 2½ yrs. Box 4290.

YOUNG man undertaking postgraduate medical studies requires full board in quiet, comfortable home. Reasonable terms. W.1. or W.C.1. Box 4378.

MEMBER B.B.C. Repertory Co., newly married, wants unfurnished flat within 1 hr. Broadcasting House. Box 4666.

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TYPING, etc.—*continued*

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GENERAL Election—The Great Alternative (Non-party) Aquarius Publications. (2nd edition) 1s. BM-AQP, London, W.C.1.

BOOKS: small collection from modern private presses. List from Mercer, 15 Speer Rd. Thames Ditton.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd. London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

ANKAUF Deutscher Buecher. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. Ful. 7924.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace," 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

TO keep the issues clear and the political parties clean read "Up the Poll—The Sap's Guide to The Election" by Sagittarius and Vicky. Over 50 ills. (Turnstile Press). 2s. 6d. from all bookshops/stalls.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. At Kathleen Batten's comfortable hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest you can have whatever kind of holiday you want. There is freedom, peace, or stimulating talk in the club if you want to join in. Sharpthorne 17.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels, inns, etc., in Devon and Cornwall, described and recommended in unique "Bide-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BOGNOR Regis, Hotel San Paulo * * * "The House of Good Feeding"; facing sea; private lawns, h. and c., bedroom fires, Slumberland beds. Vacancies from 4gns. for early Spring, Jan.-May. Brochure: Telephone London Office Gerrard 2372, or Bognor 213.

HASTINGS, first-class residence, gardens. French cuisine, atmosphere, Children minded. Continental Guest House, 10 Albany Rd. St. Leonards.

MRS. Lawrie, of Homeleigh Farm Guest House, Polperro Road, Looe, Cornwall, has commenced booking for season 1950. Brochure and terms on application.

AT Burrot, near Oxford, winter is mild and you will be warm, comfortable and well fed at Croft House Hotel. Central heating. Fishing, tennis (hard court), billiards. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

SURREY Highlands for week-ends, holidays or permanent resid. Country house atmosphere. Children welcome. H. & C. all rooms. Efficient cent. htg. Licensed. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham. Frensham 362.

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent view, modern conveniences. 40 acres. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

MUDDIFORD, Nr. Barnstaple, N. Devon. Broomhill. Winter residence 4 to 5gns. 150 acres own grounds. Amenities of well-managed hotel, with homely atmosphere of comfortable country house. Excellent country fare. Billiards. Tel. Shirwell 62.

TYE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Sea air, warm sunshine, good fare. A.A. recommended. Write for tariff.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires. El. c.h.w. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms. 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. weekly, 21s. per day inclusive. Tel.: 1944.

CORNWALL. Tytharrock Manor. Lovely country house. Every modern convenience. All beds interior sprung. 15 acres grounds. Best cuisine. Among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Fishing, hunting, Golf at Rock (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Mildest climate in Britain. Excellent for asthmatics. Spring begins in January here. From 4½gns. Port Isaac 234.

OLD Jordans Hotel, Beaconsfield; 21 miles from London, but right in the country, reduced terms for winter guests.

DUBLIN'S Luxury Licensed Hotel. "The Majestic." 'Phones in all bedrms., ideal sit., perfect food, mod. terms. Tel. 66421-2.

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2118. Open till 10 p.m.

LAYTONS Wine Restaurant, 22 Duke St., W.1 (by Manchester Sq.). Dine from 6 to 9 p.m. with wines by the glass. WEL. 1864.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex Mon.), St. & Sun. 5 & 8. Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Members.

UNITY. "Buster," by Ted Willis. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

MERCURY. Till Feb. 4, 6.30. Mats. Thurs., Sats., 2.30: "Beauty & the Beast."

PLAYHOUSE, Henley-on-Thames, Henley 777. Jan. 30-Feb. 4. Mon.-Thurs. 7.30 p.m. Fri. 8 p.m. Sat. 5 p.m. & 8 p.m. The Tuska Theatre Company presents, "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde.

UTOMO and his Indonesian dancers. First London appearance at 8 p.m. Jan. 28. King George's Hall, Gt. Russell St. W.1. Tickets (7s. 6d. to 2s.). Eastern World, 45 Dorset St. W.1. Tel. WEL. 7439.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Jan. 29. 7.30. "Drever dagg fallen regu." (A).

LONDON Film Club: Membership 5s. Next programmes: Feb. 4, Royal Empire Society Theatre, "City Streets" (Mamoulian), "Die Dreigroschenoper" (Pabst); Feb. 9, Portland Hall, "The Lost World," "The Wanderer." Members only. Partics., Sec., 14 Forty Lane, Wembley, Middx.

"BLOOD of a Poet" (Cocteau), "Shoulder Arms" (Chaplin). Thurs. next, 7.15, Imperial Inst. Cinema. Tre.-s., 300 Film Club, 27 Amherst Rd., W.13.

BROMLEY Film Society. Monthly programmes of foreign and classic films. For partics. send stamped env. to Sec., B.F.S., Little Theatre, North St., Bromley, Kent.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. Tem. 6361. Rehearsed reading from "The Lord of the Three Worlds," by Maurice Collis, with a commentary by the author, Jan. 30 8 p.m. Jan. 31-Feb. 5: "Predicaments and Passions." Rosalinde Fuller in a dramatic interlude, produced by Richard Ainley; David Hurst, Patrick Brawn: "All Right Spring," a one-man act. Mem.

JEWISH Philharmonic Circle, Sallie Erard, 18 Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. Monday, January 30. "Wagner's Music," an illustrated talk by Montague Zolowsky, 8.15 p.m.

"CHOPIN" Lecture-Recital by Arthur Hedley & Natalia Karp (Piano) and Exhibition of MSS., letters, etc., at Chenil Galleries (Chelsea Town Hall), Monday, Jan. 30, 8 p.m. Tickets 5s., 3s., Cecil Roy, 74 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.17.

A READING of "Yerma" by Federico Garcia Lorca, transl. by Roy Campbell, introduced by R. M. Nadal. Cast includes Selma Vaz Dias, Julian Somers and others. Anglo-French Art Centre, Cun. 7854. Mon. Jan. 30, 8 p.m. Members & Members' Guests, 2s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Jan. 29, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Æolian String Quartet. Irene Kohler, Beethoven A, Op. 18, No. 5; Tchaikowsky D, Op. 11; St. Qts. Elgar A mi. Op. 84. Pf. Qnt. Adm. 1s.

SOLOMON, Royal Albert Hall. Wed., Feb. 1, at 8. Symphony No. 49 in F minor (Haydn), Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor), (Beethoven), Prelude L'Apres-midi d'un Faune (Dintermyn), Le Sacre du Printemps (Stravinsky). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Sir Adrian Boult. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., Gallery (standing) 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212), and usual Agents.

HALLE Orchestra. Barbirolli, Royal Albert Hall next Friday eve. at 7.30. Debussy, Beethoven, Verdi, Bartok. Tickets from 2s. 6d., R. A. H. (KEN 8212), all Agents & Lanford-Joel Promotions, Ltd. (LAN 3591).

ERICH Gruenberg. Violin recital. Pianoforte: Paul Hamburger. Wigmore Hall. This Sat., at 7. Vitali, Beethoven, Bach, Peter Wishart (1st perf.), Chausson & Szymanowski, 9s., 6s., 3s., Hall and usual Agts. Mgt. Richard Heller, 225a, Lauderdale Mans. W.9.

EASTER School of Music (Dir. William Glock). At Corsham Court, Wilts. (Nr. Bath). Thurs., April 6 to 13. Artists and Lecturers include: Amadeus Quartet, Jacqueline Blancard, Flora Nielsen, Imogen Holst, Alec Robertson, The Rev. Dom J. B. McElligott, O.S.B. William Glock. Only 40 places left. Write for particulars, John Amis, Summer School of Music, Ltd., 29 Holland Villas Rd., London, W.14.

DANCE, Sat., Jan. 28, 7.30 p.m. Dalston Sec. School, Shacklewell Lane, E.8. Alf Vango and his band. M.C. Novelties, refrsh. P.S.O. Mem. 2s. 6d. Guest 3s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Dance, Youth House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Sat., Jan. 28, at 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d. Buffet.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Saturday, Jan. 28. Social and Dance, 7.30 to 11.30 p.m. Members 2s. 6d., Friends of Members 3s. 6d. Refreshments included.

EXHIBITIONS

RECENT Tapestries, woven by the Edinburgh Tapestry Company. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 11. Week-days, 10 to 6 (Tues., Thurs., 10-8). Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Watercolours by Chagall and Sutherland. Recent Gouaches by Raoul Ubac. Primitive Carvings.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

YOUNG Contemporaries. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Daily 10-5 (inc. Sat.). Admission free.

PAINTINGS of the Middle East and other recent works by Bruce Hollingsworth. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings, also modern French lithographs from 2 *guineas*.

ART for limited means. Phœnix Gallery has a large stock, at moderate prices, of French Impressionist and English Landscape prints, framed and unframed. 38 William IV St., Charing Cross. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-6.

AIA. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Contemporary Paintings inc. Ayrton, Minton, Lanyon, Heron. 11-6 Sats. inc.

TWENTY, Brook Street. Exhibitions, Paintings by Modern Masters and The Manchester Group.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Alan Clutton-Brock Paintings. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Exhibition of recent paintings by Theodore Garman; Rowland Suddaby; and Martin Battersby. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd. W.C.2. Exhibition of Rare Maps of the Counties of England. 9-6 daily (inc. Sats) until Feb. 4. Adm. free.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Waldemar Stabell—recent paintings. Also various selected paintings. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

"FROM Gainsborough to Hitchens" Exhibition of the Howard Bliss Collection of Paintings & Drawings. Leicester Galleries, Leics Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Closing Feb. 2.

FUSELI. An Arts Council exhibition of paintings and drawings. The New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till Feb. 25. Week-days 10-6 (Tues., Thurs. 10-8). Admission 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Court of Appeal in England" will be given by the Rt. Hon. Sir Raymond Evershed at 5 p.m. on Feb. 2 at London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without tkt.

"THE Peaceful Use of Atomic Energy." Speakers: Dr. E. H. Burhop (employed on U.S. Atomic Energy Project during war) and Rev. Stanley Evans. Chenil Galleries, King's Rd. S.W.3. Tues., January 31, 8 p.m. Admission free. Chelsea BSS.

"SOME Treasures of Westminster Abbey." A lecture will be given by Lawrence E. Tanner, M.V.O., M.A., F.S.A., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

A.T.A., 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Debate: "Is French Landscape Painting better than English?" 8 p.m. Thurs., Feb. 2.

FRIENDS of the Future: "Social Biology." 12 Lectures by J. N. Glaister, Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, by ticket only. Fridays, 7.15 p.m. begn. Feb. 10. Enquiries Box 4044.

CANDIDATES Gore, Communist, Hawkins, Labour, Watson, Liberal, speaking on their Election Policies at St. Mary's Church Hall, Abbey Rd. N.W.6. Thurs. Feb. 2, 8 p.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Symposium on Jaspers. H. J. Blackham on "Jaspers on German Guilt." S. Godman on "Jaspers on 'Nietzsche and Christianity,'" N. Nothmann on "Jaspers' Quest for Being." Ethical Church, Bayswater, Tues., Jan. 31, at 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"AUSTRALIA: Cradle or Grave?," by W. Curtis-Atkinson. Shaw Society, 57 Dean St., W.1. Jan. 27, 7 p.m. Adm. 1s. Coming: Esme Percy, Harriet Cohen, Jack Lindsay, Zilliacus, T. A. Jackson. Details 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

NATIONAL Secular Society. Prof. J. C. Flugel, B.A., D.Sc., will lecture on Population Policies and International Tensions, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn, W.C.1, Thurs., Feb. 2, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 31: Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B. (President, Sex Education Society; Editor, Journal, "Sex Education"), "A Rational Attitude to Sex." Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Jan. 29: Dr. Karl Wolff, "Chief Problems of Mysticism." Adm. free. For Reports of Lectures see "The Monthly Record," by post 4s. p.a., from the Secretary.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Jan. 29: Reincarnation—How?

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 4, at 6 p.m. M. Jean Jacques Bernard (Alliance Française): "Le Théâtre."

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Socy. Sat., Jan. 28, at 2.45, at 42a Westbere Rd. N.W.2 (off Shoot-up-Hill). Miss Doris Chamlin. "Psychology as a Social Science."

"GOETHE—Heute" (in German). Lect. by Dr. A. Grimme (Hamburg). Chair: Professor L. A. Willoughby. Tues., Jan. 31, 5.15 p.m. Anatomy Theatre, Univ. College, Gower St. Open to public without fee/tkt.

HYPNOTISM. Demonstration by William Badsey in Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, Fri., Feb. 10, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. Reserved, 4s. and 3s., Unreserved 2s. Bookings and tickets from the Caretaker.

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Talk, Thursday, Feb. 2, at 6.30 p.m. "Science in the Service of Man," by L. J. F. Brimble, Joint Editor of "Nature."

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Feb. 1, 6.30. Morality, Concentration and Wisdom. Miss I. B. Horner.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Minister, Swami Ghanananda. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.15, at Asian Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., Swami Vivekananda's Birthday Anniversary Meeting, speeches on his life and work as Founder, Vedanta Movement in the West. Thursday, Feb. 2, 7.30, Kingsway Hall. The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. All welcome.

H. J. BLACKHAM: The Rights of Man. At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sun., Jan. 29, at 11 a.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tuesday, Jan. 31. Mr. Edward Raspa, Czechoslovak Consul-General, will talk on "Czechoslovak & U.N.O." Evening meal served from 6.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BRITISH-Soviet Society Annual Conf., Jan. 28-29, Beaver Hall, London, E.C.4. Visitors' tickets 2s. 6d., from B.S.S., c/o W.M.A., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2 (Pad. 8843).

FORTNIGHT'S holiday in the Dordogne. Modern Château nr. Sarlat in 300 acres of beautiful grounds, near the famous cave paintings. Lectures on French life and art, excursions, river bathing, dancing. Fees £26 incig. return fare from London. Parties: Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

ST. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. The Spring Term course of lectures commences on Mon., Jan. 30, with the first of five lectures by Canon Adam Fox, D.D., on "Christian thought in English poets" at 6 p.m.; each lecture; the whole course 7s. 6d. Wed., February 1, at 6 p.m., a course of eight lectures begins on "Psychology and Religion," by Mr. John Wren Lewis, B.Sc., A.R.C.S., 2s. each lecture; the whole course 15s. Thurs., Feb. 9, 6 p.m., the Revd. P. McLaughlin will conduct the first of a series of Study Circles on the Lent Pastoral Letter of the late Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Paris, on "The Rise or Decline of the Church." N.B. Enquiries to Secretary, above address.

"SCIENCE and Psychical Research." Progressive League Conference from Fri. eve., 17th, to Sun. eve., 19th February, at Arnold House Hotel, Brighton. Programme: Dr. E. Graham Howe, "Philosophy and Ghosts"; Dr. A. J. B. Robertson, "Paranormal Phenomena from the Viewpoint of Chemical Biophysics"; Dr. R. H. Thouless, "Psychology and Experimental Psychical Research"; A. G. Strong, "The Poetic Approach to Reality." Chair: Dr. C. E. M. Joad. Fees: House, Mems. £2, non-mems. £2 5s.; Annexe, Mems. £1 17s. 6d., non-mems. £2 2s. 6d. Apply: A. C. Rankin (Hon. Sec.), 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

"RELIGION, Philosophy and Science in the Modern World." 3 Lectures by Israel Levine, M.A., D.Litt. (Professor of Philosophy, University College, Exeter), Sunday afternoons at 3.30 at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opposite Lord's Cricket Ground): Feb. 5, "The Age of the Enlightenment—Eighteenth Century"; Feb. 19, "Darwin and Marx—The Secular Spirit"; March 5, "The Present Crisis and the Return to Faith." All welcome.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October, 1950, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

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COMPLETE Secretl. Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd. W.14. Park 4465. Students may begin now.

FOREIGN languages. Enrolment daily for Day and Evening Classes. New classes daily from Jan. 30 to Feb. 3. French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. Private lessons in all languages. Write, phone or call: Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., Dept. SAN, 10 Portman Sq., Marble Arch, W.1. (Tel.: MAYfair 4640.)

HUNGARIAN Language Lessons begin on Feb. 15. Register: Hungarian Cultural Institute, 22 Manchester Square, W.1. Wel. 6340.

SPANISH & French classes. 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7. KEN. 3139.

LIFE Classes, and individual tuition in drawing and painting. The Studio, 22 Fitzroy St., W.1. MUS. 4306.

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